

The Last AUTHENTIC Story by "Buffalo Bill" will Commence Next Week!

# New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams. PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, four months, \$1.00. One copy, one year, \$3.00. Two copies, one year, \$5.00.

No. 341.

## GONE BEFORE.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

There's a sweet little cottage on the old Ohio's shore,  
Where I've seen many a happy hour go by;  
Where I've sat and watched the river which the  
moonlight glistened o'er,  
Wrote its scintillating gleams that never die.  
And the river seemed the brighter for those other  
eyes that gazed.  
Those eyes that brightened when I came;  
While in the air about our heads a golden halo  
blazed.  
With love's bright, all-consuming flame.  
And the wheels that cleft the waters of the boats  
that came and went,  
Seemed to throw off a gem from every blade,  
Till the sparkle on the wave-crests into one bright  
gleaming blent.  
Made the darkness of the misty night-air fade.  
The dear heart that beat so close unto my heart  
that beat so strong,  
And the soft cheek pressed against my own,  
Seemed mirrored in the river mid a happy, bright-  
robed throng.  
That knelt all around her golden throne.  
The long rides we took by moonlight on the laugh-  
ing river's breast.  
When our hearts were as gay as summer morn,  
And our boat danced so lightly o'er the billow's  
foam-capped crest.  
That we pitied the sighing trees forlorn.  
The loving words she spoke and the tender songs  
she sang.  
Even now seem to beautify the day;  
But oh! when these are vanished, with an oft-recur-  
ring pang,  
I think of the bliss that's fled away.  
For the darling form I loved was too fair to bless  
for long.  
Those who loved her with the sunlight of her  
smile,  
Yet perhaps when I have waited I shall hear her  
sweeter song.  
When I have waited such a weary, weary while!  
The deepest and most painful woe that ever comes  
to man,  
Is remembrance of blessings that are fled.  
Yet the pain has so much pleasure that we do not  
care to ban.  
Recollection of a loved one that is dead.  
The bright beauty of my darling comes unto my  
heart again.  
From the starry-spangled arch that bends above;  
And I smile in sweet assurance that I have not  
lived in vain.  
Since I've won such a blessed creature's love;  
Since I've helped to make earth brighter for an  
angel whose sweet song  
Now comes wafted through the golden gates of  
love,  
And my memory has gone with one of that bright  
angel throng  
Who sing at the great white throne above.

## Brave Barbara: OR, FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE. A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV. LOVERS AND LOVES.

It was in the afternoon of the second day after Delorme's abrupt departure from Bellevue, that Barbara Rensselaer stole away from the gray company—usually so dearly loved, but in her present mood, so tormenting—by which she had surrounded herself, to the summer-house overlooking the river. A lovely spot where sky, earth and water entranced the eye. On this September day it was beautiful beyond telling. The picturesque little temple, with latticed sides and oriental roof, stood on the verge of one of those abrupt cliffs which, in some places, wall the splendid river, which spreads out beneath, blue as heaven, and alive with clouds of snowy sails.  
"I am so glad to be alone," murmured Barbara, seating herself by an open octagon of the summer-house, which overlooked the water. "I hope no one will find me here for an hour at least. It seems as if I were smothering!" Indeed, she panted like a fawn which had been chased, and there was a troubled light in her dark, glorious eyes. Yet nothing had occurred to distress her. It was only the restlessness of her own thoughts which had driven her to hide herself and seek for calm. She had a momentous question to decide.  
Did she, or did she not, love Delisle Delorme? He would come back from the city and ask her that question, and she would have to answer it.  
She leaned her round, firm chin in the palm of her dimpled hand, and sunk so deep into reverie that the world before her was but as a picture before sleeping eyes. Her cheeks became the color of cardinal-flowers, her great eyes melted and glowed, something like a smile hovered about the small, tremulous mouth. With that soft, yielding expression on her young face, Barbara showed how beautiful she was. Any lover, stealing a long glance at her then, would have felt his soul die within him for love of the sweet beauty. But presently she sighed, and frowned, patting the floor with an impatient little foot.  
"If he stays here long, he will make me love him," she said, "and I do not want to love Delisle Delorme. I feel certain that I shall not be his first love, and I wish to be—must be—the first, last, only love of the man I marry! No second-hand heart for me. If I cannot have a man's whole soul—his first vows—I'll not have him—no, not I!" concluded Barbara, haughtily, and with flashing eyes. "And then, I distrust Delorme. Papa thinks he is all that he appears. I wish I could feel so—for I distrust



"There is some one in the shrubbery, she said," some one who has no right to be there."

him—and it makes me unhappy to do so, for I—would like to trust him. He is a strange man. He makes me feel strangely. When I am in his presence I am drawn toward him—I love—I adore him! As soon as he is out of my sight, I am afraid of him—I am dissatisfied—suspicious—and I don't love him! I can hardly make papa understand all that. He would only laugh at me if I made the attempt. It is evident that Delorme has fascinated him completely! Papa wears Delorme's colors. Am I, then, wiser than my own wise papa? Or am I only a little simpleton, as somebody or another is always telling every girl she is?  
Again she dropped her lovely face on her hand and looked out over the silver ripples of the deep-blue river. Almost under her feet the cars of the railroad which edged the stream well thundered by.  
"There goes the five o'clock express. I wonder if he came back on that. I dread to meet him—yet I long to. I've been lonely since he went away; I can't deny that."  
"God bless you, my own heart's darling—my beautiful—my own sweet love, for saying that! It was as you meant, was it not? Do not deny it! Do not take away this sudden happiness! You were lonely without me? Barbara, say that you meant me!" and Delisle Delorme had hold of both her hands, and was looking into the face she would fain have hidden, with blazing eyes, and speaking in a voice, low, but heart-thrilling in its quivering, passionate accents. Haughty Barbara! who demanded a man's first love, or none—here was love, surely, that no art could simulate. The voice of passion, suddenly breaking the bonds of doubt and fear, appealed to her quailing soul.  
This man's nature was not one to try—to coquette with. Whatever were his faults, his sins, his past life, the girl felt certain that he loved her, now, as strongly and mightily as she craved to be loved. Her whole being surrendered itself to him under the fire of his assaulting eyes. But she would not acknowledge it. She withdrew her soft little hands from his crushing grasp, and laughed provokingly, although her heart trembled within her.  
"Eavesdropper!" she cried, tauntingly.  
"I saw your dress, Miss Rensselaer. As I was coming, on foot, up the path. I divined that you were here alone. Before I left, I had your father's permission to speak to you. It seemed to me a kind Fate which gave me so swift an opportunity. I adore your proud spirit, Barbara; but do not be too proud, now. Only admit to me that you missed me, in my absence, and I will be the happiest man on the face of the earth. Dear Barbara, will you say that?"  
"Yes, Mr. Delorme," she answered, down-cast eyelashes trembling and voice ditto, "I did miss you—at a croquet."  
"Thank you, even for that. But, Barbara, why trifle with me? Your blushes and maiden pride are sweeter to me than anything in the world—but your love; yet I long for some assurance that you indeed care for me. I have spoken to your father, and he promised to talk with you. Did he do so?"  
"Yes, Mr. Delorme."  
"And, at least, you were not angry with me? May I ask what answer you gave your father?"  
"Yes, you may ask him."  
"What a tense you are! Why not tell me here, and now? There will never be a better

time. I love you, Barbara, with my whole heart and soul. My nature is too intense to bear the strain of suspense. Will you not, then, be kind, be generous, and tell me whether or not my love is in vain?" His voice had sunk to a sweet, piercing whisper, he had her hand again, and his eyes now fixed upon hers with a power which drew her heart out of her breast.  
Barbara was a girl of far more than ordinary strength of feeling and will—one who could love, or hate, to the death—nor one to yield her promise to the first suitor out of a weak complacency. She felt, she knew, in that all-important moment, that she loved the man who was beseeching her, yet some remnants of her former distrust remained, some spirit of contrariness within her—either for good or evil—prompted her quivering lips to say:  
"I will give you a decided answer, when you first tell me what took you away from Bellevue, so suddenly."  
If she had studied these words to produce some strange dramatic effect, they could not have been more successful in doing it. He drew back as if she had struck him in the face—turned white—and dropped her hand.  
There was a minute of oppressive silence.  
"You do not choose to tell?" said Barbara, with something like a sneer playing about her pale, beautiful mouth, for she, too, had grown very pale—with jealousy and alarm at the effect of her words.  
For a little while her lover sat with downcast eyes, thinking.  
"He will tell me; I am to be the master," half thought the willful girl, regarding him from the corners of her dropped lashes, while her color came slowly back; but she was mistaken, so she felt when the troubled but resolute glance of the man with whom she was playing again dwelt on her own.  
"Barbara," began Delorme, with an air of primness and dignity which she admired in spite of her own annoyance, "if there is to be love between us, it must be founded on absolute esteem and confidence. I cannot explain to you the message which called me to New York; I cannot even recite to you the whole story of my past life. What it was necessary for your father to know, I told him. He receives me with no insulting doubts—no half-way friendship. Cannot you do the same? Cannot you love me with your whole heart, Barbara, yet feel that I have a secret from you?"  
He looked keenly into the eyes which met his unflinchingly; she could not reply instantly to such a question.  
"Because, if you cannot," he proceeded, after a pause, "I may as well give up, from this hour, all hopes of happiness. I can only be happy with you, Barbara; and I can only stay with you, having your assurance that you trust me, and give your consent to my keeping my one secret from you. If to know that I love you utterly will content you, you do know that. Will you be satisfied with that, for life, my darling?"  
He smiled now, a dazzling smile, which blotted out her vague doubts in its great light. Yet a lingering jealousy of that unknown past prompted her to say:  
"You are older than I am, Mr. Delorme. I am seventeen, and you are—"  
"Twenty-eight," he said, in answer to her inquiring look.

"Nearly ten years older. Of course you have had experiences quite different from mine. I have no idle curiosity about all those years which you have spent. But I have always said that I would never become the wife of any man unless I was his first and only love. Am I yours?"  
She asked the question suddenly, leaning toward him till her sweet breath fanned his lips, and her dark eyes shot a lightning flash into his, as if she would have lighted up the most secret chambers of his soul, with that searching glance. A slight flush came and went on his forehead; his eyes, however, did not shrink from hers, and he replied almost instantly:  
"You are. Yes, Barbara, my own sweet first love. Circumstances, which I have called cruel and hard, held me from giving my love to any woman, in my earlier years, when the heart is most susceptible. Now, instead of calling this a bitter lot, I bless it, for it has kept me for you, the one peerless woman of all the world—kept my heart as fresh for your love as yours for mine. I swear it, Barbara! You are my first, my only, my one love. Ah, how glad I am that it is so. Will you say to me, now, that you return my love? Will you promise me, some day, to be my wife, Barbara—darling?"  
His arms were around her—her head was on his shoulder—all resistance to her destiny was over in the girl's heart; for five minutes she dwelt in the eternity of youth and love. But when, pressing the first kiss of a lover on her lips, he said: "This kiss seals you my betrothed wife," again some shadow, from the future or the past, fell coldly over her mind, and tearing herself from his shoulder, she said:  
"Remember, I make no promises!"  
"I do not ask you for promises, my sweet. You love me—that is bliss enough for one day."  
And then, a little apart, as if afraid of their own sudden happiness, they sat silent, looking at the ships, the mountains, the blue sky—and into each other's eyes.  
Another person went to look for Barbara Rensselaer in her bower; without being himself perceived he saw that she had a companion, and from the attitude and the eloquent expression of the couple he inferred what had happened. Shutting his teeth together like a vise and grinding his heels into the turf, he stole back again unsuspected, joining the group on the lawn, however, with a countenance so well controlled that none could have read in it the ambitious hopes which had received so great a check in the last few minutes.  
Herman Rensselaer was second cousin to Barbara—perhaps the relationship was not so close even as that. At all events, he was a Rensselaer, and as poor as his uncle—he called him uncle—was rich. Orphaned at an early age, and left without patrimony, he had been educated at college by the old gentleman's liberality—sent on a tour after he had graduated—and been taken, on his return from abroad, into his uncle's family, where he made a very fair return for his living by taking upon himself the business of the estate, now felt as something of a weight by the elder gentleman. Herman showed an aptitude for accounts, and a skill in fostering the resources of the estate, very pleasing to its owner, who insisted on granting him a regular salary, and treated him in some respects like a favored son. Herman had no doubt that he was set down in the will for a

handsome sum; he was determined to keep his uncle's affection and respect as a means of providing for his own future.  
But he had more ambitions and pleasanter dreams even than these. Since he had been a mere lad he had resolved to marry his sweet cousin Barbara—the loveliest girl in the State, and sole heiress to lands and houses and bank-accounts enough to stir the coldest heart that ever froze in selfishness.  
Not that Herman was very selfish or very cold; he had a streak of the phlegmatic which had come down to him from some old Dutch ancestor—he loved money and lands—he was careful and calculating; but he was not a bad fellow; and he did really love his beautiful relative with all the passion of which his nature was capable.  
As we fail to note particularly the things with which we are most familiar, so it had escaped the eye of the old gentleman, and even of his daughter, that Herman's affection transcended that of a poor but esteemed relative. Barbara liked him because he was kind—and useful; and as she liked her dog or her horse, because she was used to them.  
Herman had been home from abroad and become a permanent member of the family for nearly two years, when our record begins. In that time Barbara had blossomed into maidenhood. Herman could have lived along contentedly for years; but this summer had been one long torment to him.  
His beautiful cousin began to have lovers. Elegant men, wealthy, with all the airs and graces of society, haunted her light footsteps. He trembled in his shoes. What were his chances? He admitted to himself that they were small. Yet he held to his purpose with the tenacity of his slow, strong will. She should be his!  
It must be so. Had he not always expected it?  
He had gone up to the summer-house to speak, at last—and had come down, feeling as if he had been crushed under a rock. But he made no sign.

### CHAPTER V. ENEMIES AND HATES.

ONE cannot always control the wheel of Fate. No doubt Barbara thought she held it in her hand, and could force it to move slow or swiftly, as she chose, when she told Delorme that she loved him, yet would not promise to be his wife.  
Yet in one week from that day Bellevue was the scene of an unwonted and joyous commotion, in preparation for the *fete* to take place that evening, and which was to celebrate the betrothal of the daughter of the house.  
This was one of the Dutch traditions religiously preserved in the Rensselaer family—that a betrothal was nearly, or quite, as sacred as the marriage which followed, and should be announced and *feted* in the same, or even a more festive manner. And Peter Rensselaer, when Delorme came to him, glowing with love and happiness, to say that Barbara had accepted his love, pook-pooked his daughter contemptuously when she followed after, protesting with tears and blushes that there was no promise on her part to become Delorme's wife, and she did not wish to be considered "engaged."  
"Who should you marry, you little goose, if not the man you love, and who has asked you?" cried the old gentleman, stoutly.  
"What's the use of putting on these prudish airs? Fie! I know you're but just turned of seventeen—so was your dear mother, when we were betrothed. If you are too young to give your word, you are too young to have a lover dangling about you. No nonsense, Barbara! And no flirting! 'Tis a thing I despise. Do you, or do you not, love Mr. Delorme?—answer me that!"  
He asked this delicate question in such round, plump tones that Barbara was half-frightened out of her wits.  
"Oh, hush, papa! What if some one should hear? I suppose—I guess—I'm afraid—yes, papa, I love him—that is, a little."  
"Very well. He loves you. Say no more. It will take, how long—a week!—to get up a jolly, first-class celebration of your betrothal. To-morrow we will go down to the city about it; the engravers must do the cards in one day—we will fetch them back with us. There will be no trouble about the caterers, nor the florists—they can do wonders in short order. Very well. It is all arranged. Make out your list of friends to-night, Barbara. Order yourself a new dress. Do not spare the old papa's purse. This is an extraordinary occasion. I have but one son and she is a daughter. Very well. When she chooses a mate there must be a grand time—a grand time, do you hear! And no nonsense!"  
So it came about—without a touch of Barbara's will—that the wheel had given a turn and brought up her betrothal festival.  
It was too late to retract—to be sorry—to reflect.  
Indeed, she had had small time for reflection in the few busy days preceding the *fete*. A few stolen hours of wonderful bliss the lovers had managed to obtain to themselves. During those hours they had not sought to come to any fuller understanding. They had only looked into each other's eyes, breathed each other's breath, listened to the strange, sweet throbbing of each other's heart.  
Nor had any one of the merry company



which overflowed the house noticed the pale, set face of Herman. It had been a long week to him—this week which had flown so swiftly to others in festive preparations—full of thought and scarcely-defined purposes to thwart that which went so crosswise to his wishes.

A soft, clear evening, warm for the middle of September, was that of the festival at Bellevue. The carriage-drive which wound up from the station, the spacious lawn, the summer-houses, groves, gardens, porticoes, were ablaze with many-colored lanterns, seeming as innumerable as the stars which glimmered in the purple sky. All the windows were open, and from the great hall—twenty feet wide and forty long—came the piercing deliciousness of fine music, breathing the pulsing, passionate, joyous and yet melancholy strains of Strauss. Next to music, flowers seem most perfectly to express youth and love, hope and beauty. Flowers lavished their brief lives to make the few short hours of Barbara's festival a triumph. The ample rooms of the magnificent old mansion, from drawing-room to supper-room, were haunted and overloved by their fairy presence.

All the earlier part of the evening Barbara and Delorme stood together, in one of the great drawing-rooms receiving the congratulations of their friends.

If any cautious person had ever denied Barbara's beauty during the trying transformation from childhood to womanhood he must have recoiled his denial on that night.

In her long trailing dress of some soft white clinging material, and wearing on her dark hair the wreath of white roses which her father had signified was proper to the occasion, she had the look of a young goddess just coming into a knowledge of her rights to queenship and to happiness. About her shapely neck glittered the Rensselaer diamond necklace—the first time she had ever been permitted to wear it. Her slender, supple figure, as haughty as it was graceful in all its movements, her proud head, seemed to droop a little, this evening, with sensibility and the sweet modesty proper to the occasion. A soft, changing flush made her lovely face more lovely. But the soul which would have hidden its secret of love from all those curious glances—could not be suppressed in those bright eyes filled with a fire as of melted jewels, as she raised them occasionally to meet the regard of the man by her side.

Quite at his ease, handsome, smiling, ready—one to force the admiration as well as the envy of others—Delorme stood by the side of his fair betrothed, receiving with gracious cordiality the good wishes, real or feigned, of the "dear five hundred friends"—and he was tracing his unusual emotion only by a paleness not native to his fair, ruddy face.

His frank blue eyes and hair of golden-brown were just the right contrast to the girl's dark beauty.

He had a fine, manly, pleasing countenance, which betrayed no sign of inborn depravity, or habitual falsehood of life. You would have said that no danger for her future could lurk in the character of a man with such a face. Friends smiled among themselves to see how often and how earnestly his glances turned to the young creature, in her wreath of white roses, who stood by his side. Excess of feeling made him pale. Any one might see his exultation, his joy—but wisely has Nature given man a mask to wear over his features, by which he can mingle with his kind without giving one token of the secret emotions which play behind the mask. Not one of that radiant company could see what the lover saw—a lurking ghost, whose breath pale the light of the lamps, stifled the perfume of the flowers—yes, shadowed with a dim cloud the bright, adored eyes which turned to him trustfully.

No one noticed the quick, uneasy glances which Delorme frequently cast at the open windows and doors.

No one dreamed that a chilling dread pressed on his mad joy—a joy, the more passionate and wild that he knew not what moment it might be snatched from him.

Drink, drink deep, Delisle Delorme, of the cup of life which this lovely young creature holds to your long-parched lips, for you know not what instant it may be dashed to earth!

Look up into your lover's face with those deep eyes of faith, Barbara, for you know not what hour you may be blinded by the tears of doubt and despair.

One person in that thronged house suspected that all was not right with the accepted suitor—suspected, but knew nothing positive—had not a single stray fact upon which to build up his purpose to break the match.

Herman Rensselaer had passed a week, the longest in his life, of silent struggle with his disappointment, of tossing passions, sullen resolves. His uncle, so proud and happy as to be garrulous, had tortured him from day to day, by incessant dwelling on the subject nearest his heart—had talked to him about his cousin's marriage-portion, about Delorme's fine qualities, about the wedding-to-be, until he was almost wild, yet could not give a sign of what he suffered. On this evening, his duty as a member of the household, compelled him to make himself agreeable to the guests—so here was another wearing the mask on his face.

At last all the invited had arrived, and Delisle and Barbara could leave their post to join the dancers in the great hall. Barbara had a rapturous waltz with her betrothed. Then cousin Herman claimed her for a partner.

"What makes you so pale and dull these last few days, Herman? Are you not well?" she asked, as she stood with her small gloved hand resting lightly on his shoulder, waiting for the turn of the music.

"No; heart-sick, cousin," said Herman, smiling.

"Yes—at thought of you some time leaving the old place."

"Perhaps we shall not leave it—I shall coax Delisle to stay here. Do you think I'm going off alone with him to live in a strange country. Not I. He must give up his land for mine. And, at all events, Herman, you must marry, too. You must bring some sweet little girl to share the big house with us. Indeed, it is high time you were looking out for her, cousin Herman. Is there no one here to-night fair enough to suit you, sir?"

By this time they were flying down the long hall. Herman was rather squarely built, and not usually of the most graceful movement; but he waltzed superbly. The music beat in his blood, glowed in his eyes and thrilled along the nerves of the strong arm with which he upheld his partner until the contagion of the rhythm was imparted to her, too, and they floated together round and round as by the impulse of one brain.

"Oh, I do love waltzing!" cried Barbara, her cheeks like roses, when the cessation of the music compelled a stop of the twinkling feet. "I could keep on forever! And you certainly are the best waltzer that ever breathed, cousin!"

"Better than Delorme?"

"Oh, yes. If life was nothing but one long waltz I should prefer you for a partner, any minute," and she laughed.

"I wish life was one long waltz, then," he whispered, while his eyes blazed out suddenly on hers, startling her and making her feel uncomfortable. "Come! you will not refuse me one more, since it is the only thing I can do to please you?"

She glanced over at Delorme. He was chatting politely with a young lady who appeared deeply interested in what he was saying.

"Well, one more, cousin. But it would be in better taste for you to ask the other girls. There are several waiting for partners."

"Let them wait. Do not begrudge Lazarus a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. But the favored ones in heaven think little of the sufferers in hell," she looked up at him, puzzled by his sharp words and bitter tone.

"What has come over you, Herman?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing at all! I have lost the one treasure which outweighed life and death, this world, and the next, to me. But it is a trifle—not worth disturbing your pleasure about. Besides, I am unwilling to lose this waltz. I like you for a partner, Barbara, as well as you do me. Come—this is ecstasy!"

In the whirl of the waltz Barbara could not think clearly; but she was astonished to hear her sober, unemotional cousin talk so violently; besides which she had an uncomfortable dread that he was reproaching her for engaging herself to Delorme.

Could it be that her cousin himself loved her—in that way!—absurd! ridiculous! impertinent! But no, of course it could not be. He was referring to something quite different, probably. Perhaps little Kitty Stuyvesant had refused him!

She did not enjoy this waltz as thoroughly as she had the other, and when it was over she ran away from Herman immediately, soon finding herself promenading on Delorme's arm.

"Would you like the fresh air, Barbara? Shall we walk on the porch?"

They stepped through a window of the library onto a side porch, at that moment deserted by all save themselves. The briars which clambered along the railing and up the pillars glowed scarlet in the light from the windows and the countless lanterns on the lawn, for the fingers of the frost had painted them.

A flaw of wind from the river loosened a shower of these leaves and sent them flying over Barbara's white dress.

Her lover smiled.

"Even Nature must do something toward beautifying my darling to-night," he said.

They stood by the railing, listening to the fainter pulse of the music and looking off at the enchantment of the illuminated grounds, but conscious of nothing except that they were alone together. In that supreme moment, with fortune doing all for their young happiness, Delorme, for a time, forgot even the specter. Bliss seemed assured. Barbara's small gloved hand rested in his. Barbara's dark eyes drooped under his lovely gaze. Barbara's sweet, sweet lips were so near—he had but to bend his head to kiss them.

Heaven! how lovely she looked, in her white dress and her white roses—Barbara, only seventeen, and soon to be his wife.

He stood proudly smiling down upon her, when suddenly she flashed one of her curious, willful, splendid glances at him, and spoke: "I wish I knew, Delisle, how you had spent every minute of the last ten years of your life."

Foolish child! Was she so sure of happiness that she could afford to pull down a dark curtain over this glorious hour?

The shadow fell over her lover's face again. For a week he had made a desperate effort to forget those ten years—to be as if they had not been. She brought them back to him, willfully.

"I wish I could obliterate those ten years, and then Barbara would not be jealous of them," he said, sadly.

"Jealous? Well, I dare say I am jealous—terribly so. That is my fault, Delisle. Of course, you know I have plenty of faults. Jealousy is one of the biggest of them. You ought to see me tyrannize over poor Herman! While papa does not pet the dog or the cat while I am around. Yes, I am too jealous ever to give you any solid comfort. But there is one thing"—she whispered, blushing, and putting her pretty mouth close to his ear—"if I did not love my friends so much, I should not be so jealous. Ain't you afraid to have me love you so much as to make me exacting?"

"No, darling," he answered, turning quickly and catching her about the waist, to kiss her before she could prevent him. "Not love me with your whole strength, or not at all."

Just then Barbara uttered a little cry; "There is some one in the shrubbery," she said, clinging to her lover, "some one who has no right to be there. I saw a woman part the branches of that pine and look through at us."

"A woman!" stammered Delorme, turning white.

"Yes, and she was no acquaintance of ours, and she looked wicked. We must send John out to look for her. But you need not tremble, Delisle. Are you more afraid of a woman than a man? Oh, fie! to think you are a coward, after all!"

He could not force his pale lips to reply to her badinage. He could not—although he made a desperate—although he made a desperate effort to force the color back to his face, the ordinary tone to his voice. He knew that he was shaking, and that Barbara saw it. He knew that she would think it passing strange; but he could not help it. The surprise had come upon him too suddenly, after all! He had looked for it all day, and here was the specter now, come upon him as unexpectedly as if he had felt no premonition of it from the first.

"Let us go in," he said, hoarsely, as soon as he could speak at all, drawing his companion toward the window.

"Certainly, if you are afraid," she rejoined, half puzzled and amused. "Shall we send John out?"

"I think not. Are you certain you saw any one, child? It is probably some one of your humble neighbors stealing a look at the decorations."

"Then what alarmed you so, Delisle?"

"Was I alarmed? I think it was only a breath of cold air from the river made me shiver."

He parted the curtains and they stepped into the library. Neither of them perceived Herman, who had been peering through the window at them, but who stepped back behind the drapery as they came in, and glided out on to the porch to escape them. In his jealous misery he had followed them to watch them; and he, too, had seen the face which appeared behind the parted branches—had had a good, long look at it, and read its expression, when Delorme bent to kiss his betrothed.

If Herman was not very quick, he was sagacious. In that one minute of spying, he had made a discovery. And he acted upon it without hesitation.

When he reached the porch, he placed one hand on the railing and sprang over it to the lawn beneath; instantly he darted toward the cluster of evergreens. Before he reached them

a woman sprang up and ran away, seeking to conceal herself behind other shrubberies. He pursued her. She gained the walk which led past the summer-house, down the hill to the station. Flying like the wind as she did, he despaired of overtaking her; so, when they were nearing the summer-house, and out of hearing of others, he called after her:

"Stay! I am a friend—I will not harm you."

She paid no heed to this overture, but ran faster than before.

"Stay!" he called again, "if you are an enemy of Delorme's, so am I. Let us be friends." It was a bold move on the part of Herman; but it was a successful one. The woman stopped, allowing him to come up with her.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### HUNTING THE SAME GAME.

The elegant supper served at midnight had been partaken of, and many of the guests were taking their departure, when Herman returned to the illuminated mansion, from his secret conference in the summer-house. He had spent more than an hour in close conversation with the stranger, who had given him—before she left him to make her way to the station in time for a one o'clock express which stopped there—a card on which she had written an address.

"Why, Herman, we were about getting out a search-warrant for you. Where have you been?" cried his uncle, as he re-entered the house by the library window and made his appearance again in the company.

"Oh, I have been around, uncle. I was chatting a few minutes with a lady. Cousin Barbara, is it too late to claim one more waltz? Remember, this is an extraordinary occasion."

"Time for a dozen!" answered the host, for his daughter. "Not one of you young people who dance are going to leave before five o'clock in the morning. Dance with your cousin, Barbara."

Barbara glanced at Herman a little timidly. She did not understand why he should have said such things in the early part of the evening, and she felt uncomfortable about it. But her cousin had resumed his usual manner; he was quiet cousin Herman again; making her feel as if she certainly had misunderstood him.

The color had come back to his face, the moody look was gone, he spoke gayly, even to Delorme when the latter came up to claim his betrothed after the waltz.

The flowers were drooping, the roses dying in Barbara's dark hair, the pale gold of a frosty morning streaking the east, when the last of the revelers departed.

Barbara did not rise until high noon. When she finally aroused herself and rung for Norah to bring her a cup of coffee, she was surprised to hear that both Delorme and Herman had breakfasted at nine o'clock and gone to town for the day. Neither had previously mentioned their intention of doing so.

"Very well, then, Norah," said her young mistress, piqued by this state of affairs. "I will take another nap. Call me at two, please," and as the servant darkened the chamber again and went out, the girl, nestling back in her pillows, wondered how her lover could have gone off for six long hours, without forewarning her.

It had been quite as much of a surprise to the two young men to meet each other at the breakfast table, and find that there was a mutual intention of going to town.

They chatted pleasantly together, as they were driven to the station, and during the swift ride of thirty miles by the train. Masks again! Impenetrable masks! Delorme, polished, courtly, a man to attract admiration wherever he moved, perhaps unconsciously to himself looked down on his quiet companion, whom he liked because a relative of Miss Rensselaer's, but whom he regarded as a commonplace young fellow. Herman did not so secretly chafe under the polite patronage as he would have done yesterday. He had a glory and triumph of his own, which made him feel that he could well afford to endure the condescension of his companion.

Both were going on one errand—to see the same woman. But Delorme did not suspect Rensselaer.

When they left the train at the Grand Central depot, they parted, agreeing to meet there at four o'clock to return.

Delorme took a carriage, and was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Herman went, he had no idea. His inquiries at the hotel for Mrs. Courtenay were met by the statement that she had left some days previously.

"Did they know where she could be found?"

"No."

"Had she not sailed on Saturday for England?"

"It was their impression she had gone to a private boarding-house on Fifth Avenue."

"She must have had her baggage sent somewhere. Had the hotel no record of that?"

To oblige Mr. Delorme, who frequently made his home at this house—the clerk called a porter, and a consultation was held; the only result of which was that the porter remembered having taken the lady's luggage on last Friday, to some number, high up on the avenue—but he had no record of the number, nor could he recall it.

Very much troubled in his mind, Delorme looked over the morning list of advertisements to find what houses on that aristocratic street took boarders or rented apartments. Making a list of these, he started out, in a cab, to inquire at each place, if a Mrs. Courtenay, recently from London, had taken rooms with them. Half-past three found him still inquiring, and still disappointed. He had just time to rush into a florist's and select a bouquet of rare cut flowers for his betrothed, before hurrying to the train.

He found Herman Rensselaer already seated, looking cool and complacent, as if he had had a very satisfactory day.

Little did he dream that Herman had spent three hours with the woman for whom he had looked in vain.

Vexed and tired—more uneasy than he dared confess even to himself, at the memory of the face in the shrubbery, and the evident purpose of Mrs. Courtenay to escape him—he said, almost irritably, to his smiling companion:

"You bear dissipation well, Mr. Rensselaer. Last night's revelry and to-day's jaunt have nearly used me up."

"Yes?" answered Herman, in that slow voice of his, turning his large, light-gray eyes full on the pale, nervous face of the man whose plans he was seeking to undermine. "I do not feel it in the least degree. I could dance all night to-night, if I had the opportunity—especially with my cousin. I dare say you remarked her beautiful waltzing, and how fond she is of it?"

"Oh, certainly. Miss Rensselaer dances, as she does everything else, well—exquisitely."

"Yes—whatever my cousin does, she does with her whole soul. She is a woman to make a man wonderfully happy, or desperately wretched—as it chances. I don't think a little more self-control would hurt Barbara. Still, the man who had the wisdom to manage her, would never have any trouble with her. She would need to feel the curb, sometimes."

"Are you reading me a lecture?" asked Delorme, haughtily, yet amused, too, to think of this man, younger than he by four years and without a hundredth part of his experience of the world, seeking to enlighten him about the lady to whom he was engaged.

"I have always known Barbara," was Herman's simple reply.

"Which is your only excuse," added Delorme, good-naturedly.

"She is of a jealous, exacting disposition, Mr. Delorme."

"Really?"

"Are you not afraid that she may exact too much of you?" continued Herman, looking calmly into the eyes of his companion. "I know her theory about first love."

"You must excuse me from discussing so personal a topic," and Delorme picked up the afternoon paper from his lap and ran his eyes up and down its columns.

He wondered at the turn the conversation had taken, but he did not suspect that the subject was chosen with a purpose.

"This cousin of ours lacks something in tact and courtesy," he thought.

But he could not be otherwise than conciliatory to any one who had any claims on Barbara; so, presently, he chatted away again with this blundering Herman in the most friendly manner. And before they reached Bellevue he had fallen into a reverie over Barbara and was oblivious of everything but thoughts of her beauty, her thousand fascinations.

With whatever worldly or wicked purpose to entangle the heiress into a marriage for the sake of her estates he had first visited Bellevue, there was no doubt that Delisle Delorme was now deep in love with the girl to whom he had engaged himself. So madly in love that to have lost her would have been to have lost everything worth living for.

"Come! come!" said Herman, touching him on the shoulder, as the train paused to take breath at the little station below Bellevue. "Are you dreaming?"

"Yes," answered Delorme, springing to his feet to follow the other—"yes, Herman, I was dreaming of her."

Again Herman stole one of those searching looks, while his own brow darkened to see the glow on his companion's face.

The cars were already in motion as they stepped off. One of those wild impulses which sometimes make murderers of men who in their ordinary moments are incapable of violence moved Herman, almost tempting him to push his rival—with one sudden, unsuspected thrust—so that he would fall under those moving wheels.

He restrained the fierce impulse, and the two rode amicably up to the fine old mansion which stood, more like an English than an American home, gray with age amid its "ancestral trees."

As they neared the house, the gleam of scarlet and white was visible on the balcony of Barbara's chamber, where she had been standing, robed in white, with a red scarf thrown over her dark hair, to watch if her lover had arrived; but once visible in the approaching depot-buggy which had been sent for him and Herman, she was satisfied, and darted back into her "bower-room," not to emerge from it until the bell called her to tea more than an hour thereafter.

In vain came a message, along with the lovely flowers which he had brought from the city, urging her to come down to Delorme. He had gone off without asking her consent, and he must amuse himself as he could on his return!

Harmless tyranny of a young, beautiful girl! Who would not indulge her in her charming caprices!

Delorme was walking up and down the drawing-room, waiting for her, when she came slowly down. All the others had gone into the dining-room. She walked down the great hall, affecting not to see through the open doors that he was waiting for her; though one swift glance from under darkling lashes had shown him to her, eager, ardent, apologetic.

The lover had to hasten after her into the hall.

"Barbara!" he called softly.

She turned like a queen. "Ah! Mr. Delorme, did you speak to me?"

"Oh, not Miss Rensselaer, I was calling to quite another person."

Then, as she looked dignified and puzzled: "I was calling the little lady who loved me last night—who had a sweet face, all smiles and blushes—who spoke to me as Delisle, not as Mr. Delorme—who, in short"—and he made a quick rush, catching her in his arms and kissing her until she blushed rosier than ever—"is so good, so kind, that she never gets angry with me when I am so unfortunate as to be driven from her side by unfortunate business. Barbara, dear, what have you done with the wreath you wore last evening?"

"It is in my room—a faded thing," was the meek answer, as she gave up at once without an effort to recover her lost dignity. "Where have you been, all day, Delisle?"

"I have the wreath and give it to me, darling. I want to keep it always. You looked so like an angel under those white roses, my sweet, sweet Barbara! I have jewels, Barbara, which were my mother's. I am saving them for my wife. Give me the roses, and some day—some blessed day—when the priest has given you to me, I will bestow on my little wife, in exchange, a coronet of diamonds and pearls."

"Oh, I have diamonds enough! All the Rensselaer diamonds come to me!" returned Barbara, saucily, to cover the glow of her cheek and the swell of her breast at her lover's fond words. "And there is John looking for us! The tea is getting cool, I dare say; and aunt Margaret is here to-night. She is very particular about her cup of tea—to have it hot."

And she has a chest full of money, with a till full of jewels, which she has promised me, if I am a good girl—and—and—marry to suit her. She has come to see how she likes you, sir; I know, though she hasn't said so yet."

"Oh, dear!" said Delorme, woefully.

Nevertheless he marched gallantly into the well-lighted supper-room, bearing the beautiful girl on his arm as if proud of her beyond words to express; and when Barbara—despite her high spirit, blushing sweetly as she did so—presented him to her aunt, Miss Harleberg, that prim and sharp-eyed old lady softened visibly under the charm of his good looks, his deferential manner to herself and his evident devotion to her niece.

"The minute I heard he was a foreigner and was courting Barbara," whispered the spinster to her nephew Herman. "I suspected him of being a fortune-hunter. I know brother Peter is as blind as a bat in such matters; so I thought best to come down and look after things myself. He's not so bad as I feared he might be—has an honest eye—and brother Peter tells me has plenty of money himself without looking for other people's. Still, it is best to be prudent. I shall not make up my mind in one evening. I know the world."

"You are wise there," returned Herman, in an equally low voice. "Let me pass your cup for some tea, aunt Margaret."

"Not unless it is hotter than the first was," was the answer, sufficiently pronounced to meet the ear of the young lady at the head of the table, who immediately sent out the old-fashioned silver urn for a fresh supply.

"You are wise not to make up your mind in a day, aunt Margaret. Mr. Delorme seems to be a splendid fellow—but—do not breathe this to any living soul at present—I have my doubts of him."

"You don't say so, Herman! You must tell me more about it, after supper—when we are alone. Barba knows that she won't touch a dollar of my property, unless she marries to suit me."

"What does a thoughtless, willful young girl—dead in love with a man—care about her property interests, aunt Margaret? She would throw them away as lightly as she would cast aside a withered flower. And Barbara is very willful, you know."

"Yes, yes! She's got her mother's temper, Herman."

"She ought to have a discreet, cautious man for a husband: one who knows how to take care of her estate for her; who is as slow as she is quick—as patient as she is irritable; who has known her always, and loves her for herself. Such a person would be much more apt to make her happy for life than a showy, spendthrift stranger. Don't you agree with me, aunt?"

The quaint old lady half turned in her seat to look more sharply into the speaker's face, who would not meet her keen eyes, but buttered his bread assiduously.

"Why, that would be much like you, nephew," she said, after a pause. "I never thought of it before; but I don't see why you wouldn't make a good husband for Barba. Only, I suppose, naturally, she looks higher."

"Higher?" echoed Herman, coloring.

"Why, yes. You're a Rensselaer, sure enough, but you are poor as Job's turkey, you know, nephew. Poor relations are generally looked down upon; and you have not a hundred dollars to your name. Barba is a match for a millionaire."

"Poor relations are generally looked down upon," Herman bit his lips until the blood started, as the frank old lady made this very remark. Did not he know it well enough already? Had he not planned and worked to lift himself from the level of a "poor relation" to a place by his cousin's side? Must he lose all! Must he go on, all his life, in the old humble way, being treated simply as a convenience for the use and benefit of others? He stole a covert glance across the table at the handsome gentleman bending with courtly air toward its fair mistress, and deep down in his slow-pulsing heart swore an oath that he would be master of that proud girl—master of this glittering table, this richly-decorated room, this grand old mansion.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

#### A GARLAND.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Weave for me a garland fair

With thy tender, gentle hands,

Of bright flowers sweet and rare,

From the sunny summer lands.

Pluck the scented almond bloom

For sweet, soothing Hope.

For Devotion yule the tomb

Take the purple heliotrope.

Twine the grape for Charity,

Blue forget-me-nots for Love,

Lilies fair for Purity,

And snow-balls for thoughts above.

Sweet-brier for Sympathy;

For Compassion, elder bright.

Meek violets for Modesty,



over. It was a letter addressed to himself—"Mr. Little Volcano," the address looking queer enough to him. The writing was plainly that of a woman, small and characteristic, though even and regular.

Half-suspecting the truth, yet trying to doubt, Little Volcano looked up at his inspection, intending to question Chough Lee—but the Celestial was gone, had vanished as silently as had been his coming. Old Zimri's sallow face and his eyes dilated as he drew closer to the fire.

"They're the devil's work gain on yere—I can't make it out! I was watchin' him all the time—didn't even wink with both eyes to once—'nd he jist melted away. Tain't healthy 'round yere—I'm gwine to pucker up!" he affirmed, in an uneasy tone.

"He had his orders, no doubt, and slipped off when we wasn't looking. But this—this note, it's from her, I think—what shall I do about it?"

"Chuck it in the fire—don't hold it no longer, don't, little 'un," muttered the superstitious hunter, casting an uneasy glance around them. "That's some trick in it—critters like him don't carry letters for nothin'—chuck it in the fire and let's get out o' yere while we kin—"

Little Volcano broke into a merry laugh at his superstitious friend's words; then, acting on a sudden impulse, he tore open the wadded note. There was neither address nor superscription inside. The words were evidently written in great haste if not strong agitation.

"You are in great danger. Six men are following you. They are promised a large sum if they murder you. They start tonight. I send you this by a sure hand. There can be no mistake. I can place all confidence in my informant. I pray God that I may be in time! Be careful, for my sake."

So the note ran. Its contents were both bitter and sweet. For the right well he knew that Mary Morton wrote those words—bade him be cautious for her sake. But this informant in whom she could place all confidence could it be the man with whom she held that stolen interview beside the spring? Who was he then, that knew so much of Sleepy George and his—Hal! Like magic came the remembrance of the handsome young gambler—Laughing Dick—the same figure—could it be? If so, all might be accounted for—except her treachery.

"You can read it, old man," he said, shortly, turning the paper over to Coon, who slowly, laboriously spelled out each word.

"It seems plain enough," was his quiet comment. "The gal means well, no doubt. Pity she's tucked up with such mean trash as she must 'a' did, to know so much. Jedgin' from what you told me 't'other night, little 'un, you've did the wisest thing you could in leaving Hard Luck behind ye. A gal like that hain't the one to tie to—though I must say you couldn't pick up a purtier bit o' human flesh in a month's travel. But that it is. Looks is mighty 'ceivin', like a hafe-rice persimmon."

"You don't—don't think I could have deceived myself?" asked Little Volcano, striving to speak coolly, but with an eager, longing light in his eyes that only too plainly shadowed forth the answer he wished, rather than hoped to receive.

"From what you told me, I judge that was ready did to your hand," dryly replied Coon. "Now look, little 'un. Either you see'd what you see'd, or you didn't. You wasn't drunk then, whatever you mought 'a' bin after. You say her—'r rather him—a huggin' her, an' she a-takin' it just as though she liked it. You say 'em kissin' too. Now, honest, little 'un, what kind of a woman is it that'll tell a feller she loves him harder 'n a mule kin kick frozen pumpkins down-hill, an' then go an' hug an' slobber kisses all over another he-critter's mug that very same night?"

Little Volcano made no answer, but sat moodily staring at the faintly-glowing embers, crumpling the warning note in his hand.

"We know this much. She hain't got no 'lations in the world, 'cept that woman which fit the road-agents that day—cl'ar grit, she is! pity the little cuss she hitched to didn't hev some o' it! You know she don't got no 'lations—'you hear Miss Champion say so, same's I did. Then who was it she met out yender in the night? Twasn't a honest man, or he'd come out flatfooted an' played his hand like a man. Mobbe 'twas Long Tom—they say he's little old blues 'mong the pottoes. You mustn't flare up, little 'un. 'Twas 'ther him or some body else as was ashamed to meet an' claim in open day. Ef 'twas him, that's some things made cl'ar. You told her what you was goin' to do. Now how did them cusses find out so much? How did that pesky, slippery John know what to find out? Why didn't he wait for us to ax some questions? Becas' he was afeard we'd find out too much!"

"That's reason in what you say, pard, and yet—I cannot believe her so false! You may laugh at me—call me a simple fool, if you will—but if ever woman was in sober earnest, she was when she told me she loved me. I'll stake my life on that," earnestly cried the boy miner.

"An' so, I don't doubt, would 't'other feller," quietly interposed the old man. "Rough an' tough old cuss as he, little 'un, I've hed a power o' dealin' with woman in my time. I tell you, boy—but thar's I won't say no more. Keep your faith while ye kin. Think the best of the little gal; but make up your mind to bar the wust after all. Wait patiently until our work's did up, then you kin go to her an' ax her to make a clean breast of it. Ef she kin explain away that night's job, they won't be nobody gladder to 'knowledge his misjolgiment than me, nor nobody readier to beg her pardon for what I've said. But at the same time, lad, stick up for your rights. 'Member she's giv' you the right to judge her, when she 'cepted your love an' said she cottoned to you. Ef she did what you think wrong in your own sister, don't play it right in her. Be honest with yourself, an' the good Lord will make every crooked thing straight as don't deserve to stay crooked."

Zimri drew a long breath after delivering himself of this sermon, unusually serious for him, and looked wistfully at his young comrade, whose thoughts were evidently far away. Yet the words were not unheeded. As the old man ceased, the boy miner put forth his hand, with a look of sincere friendship. Strangely mated as they were, love, pure and steadfast as ever united brothers born, bound them to each other.

"The time'll come, little 'un, when we'll laugh wuss'n twin guinea-pigs over all this bother. It's all in a lifetime, anyway. But now—I reckon wot better kin'le up the fire an' git a bite o' grub. It's 'bout time we war on the tramp ag'in. Ef them fellers is a'er us, we've wasted too much time a'ready. We mustn't let 'em git too far ahead o' us. Knowin' jist about whar to look, they mought accidentally stumple on the placer. Fight or no fight, we must strike the fust pick thar, or miner's laws'll be ag'in us."

"Though the gift came from a blood-stained hand, I hold that I earned it honestly, and

those who think to have the good of it must climb over me, first."

A desultory conversation followed, generally dealing with their plans for meeting the machinations of any interlopers, but it need not be recorded here.

The fire was kindled anew, a pot of coffee was soon boiling, and bits of bacon toasting. The savor awakened their appetites, and both ate heartily of the rude viands, washing it down with pure, cool water from the spring.

A peculiar sound filled the air—long drawn, shrill and unearthly. The eyes of the old hunter sparkled eagerly as he peered out into the darkness.

"Thar's music fer ye, little 'un! Sweeter to me than the voice o' woman—a heap! 'Fec-tionate critter, too—a man don't fergit a love-hug from them arms werry soon—not much!"

"I sounds like a woman screaming in agony!" muttered Little Volcano, his eyes dilating.

"It's like a woman in more things than that," chuckled old Coon. "Nuther on 'em kin be 'pended on longer'n ye kin wink twice. They both—lie'n!"

Again that weird, mournful cry—rising and falling, full of a peculiar music, fascinating yet terrible—dying away in a sobbing moan. Then all was still—seemingly tenfold so as the echoes died away. Little Volcano recognized it now: the voice of the panther.

"We'd better be travelin', I reckon," cried Coon, looking to his weapons. "The smell 'll draw her here, an' 'twouldn't sc'arly do to burn powder not knowin' who's our neighbors. Ef the varmint takes our trail, why then we'll hev to wipe it out, but I don't reckon she'll follow us far—"

Without warning growl or snarl, a huge beast sprang into the firelit circle, crouching down, brushing the sword with its long tail, showing its white teeth, its sharp claws, a phosphorescent light streaming from its eyes—a panther, in the full prime of strength and vigor—at terrible foe!

## CHAPTER XIX.

CRAZY BILLY TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME.

FOR the second time that evening—almost within the hour—Zimri Coon stood face to face with a disagreeable visitor, and now, as then, he wished himself far away from the spot. Not that he feared to measure his skill against the brute—he could show marks of at least two death grapples with like antagonists, and he was truly a hunter's spirit. But since he knew that the enemy was upon their trail—possibly even then within earshot—he felt that a single shot might prove fatal to his hopes. Hence it was, that he did not attempt to use his rifle, though the panther lay scarce twenty feet away, in the full glare of the little camp-fire.

"Mind your eye, little 'un!" he muttered, crouching forward in readiness to meet the threatened leap, holding his long knife firmly. "Cold steel must do it—fer your life don't burn powder!"

The terrible beast drew back, sitting upon its haunches, quivering in every muscle as though about to launch its lithe body forward, grinning and baring its curved talons—purring loudly, like a mammoth cat.

Then—just as Zimri fairly held his breath in expectation of receiving the fierce onset—a wild looking figure glided into the firelight with the noiseless foot of a bodiless spirit, passing beside the panther, whose purr changed to a low whine of joy, as it rubbed its sleek head against the miner's legs.

"Wal, I ber-durned!" snorted Zimri Coon, dropping his weapon in abject surprise. "The hull durned menagerie busted loose and come to give us a benefit! Call up the risk—don't be bashful—waltz out the hull tormented outfit—oh, Lord!"

"Don't you remember—it's him—Crazy Billy," muttered Little Volcano, "and that's the panther we saw—"

"Crazy Billy—yes, they call me crazy," interrupted the hermit, turning back his long, tangled locks. "They laugh at me, and call me crazy—the fools! They are envious of me—that is all. I am too wise—they cannot understand me—that is the reason. And yet—my head does whirl round and round, sometimes, and aches and throbs until I go to sleep—but that is only when I try to remember what happened ages and ages ago—before this world was built. My head never hurt then—I was so happy and contented, with her! But he came—he crawled across our path—a cold, slimy devil! His evil eyes—they burn me now! There was honey on his tongue, but it could sting—it stung her, and she died—did she die? They told me so—but I know they lied! He stole her away, and hid her in one of the stars. I heard her call to me—I was going to help her, but he covered up the star and I lost my way. I look and look—but I can't find it; can you tell me? Tell me where my angel is, and I will bless you—"

The comrades listened to his incoherent outburst with feelings akin to awe, so passionate was the hermit's utterance. But before they could answer his appeal, his air changed abruptly, and he spoke to Little Volcano, in a quiet, composed tone, entirely free from any trace of insanity.

"I am glad to see you, Harry. I have been looking for you, ever since that day—when I was taken ill. You are in danger—there are men upon your trail, sworn to have your life. I saw them—I listened to their words. They never guessed that Beauty and I were so near them."

The panther, recognizing its name, arose and placed its forepaws upon Crazy Billy's shoulders, rubbing its cheek against his face with a low, eager whine.

"Kin you tell whar they be now?" eagerly demanded Zimri.

Crazy Billy looked at him vacantly, as though not understanding his words, but when Little Volcano repeated the query, his face lightened immediately, and he pointed toward the east, saying:

"They are there. They smoke and eat and drink around the fire, and tell their secrets to Beauty and I. I looked, but he wasn't there. so I come on to find you, Harry."

"Ax him to take us whar we kin git a far'st s'unt at the riptyles, little 'un," muttered Zimri. "No," he added, quickly, reading aright the boy miner's look. "I don't mean to make no fuss with 'em. We want 'em 'ere a'er us, ye know. 'Twouldn't do to give 'em no furder hold on. They's bin a heap o' talk a'ready, an' 'twouldn't take much more to set the vigilants' hot foot on our backs—an' you know what that is; hangin' fust, trint' a'erwards, 'vidin' they hain't too busy stringin' up Beauty."

"Kill 'em—kill 'em!" screamed Sleepy George, but his voice was drowned by a sharp report, and he fell back with a wild yell of agony!

## CHAPTER XX.

OLD ZIMRI MAKES A DISCOVERY.

ZIMRI COON it was that fired that shot. Though nothing was further from his wishes than a collision with Long Tom's party, at least just then, the crisis found him ready for

work. As Sleepy George drew near his intended victim both of the ambushed miners covered his heart with their firearms; but Beauty required no assistance, and the bummer was stricken down. Sleepy George's comrades answered his yell for help promptly enough, but before they could make use of their weapons Crazy Billy appeared to awaken from his trance-like state and, calling to the panther, bounded into cover. Sleepy George sprang to his feet—only to reel back, his face covered with blood as the spiteful crack of the old digger's rifle rung forth. With a quick but unerring aim Zimri Coon sent the leaden pellet to its mark, then, with a shrill, taunting laugh, he turned and glided away, still firmly grasping the boy miner's arm.

"Keep close to the crazy critter—run light, an' we'll fool 'em slicker'n geese-geese," muttered Zimri Coon, as they caught sight of the hermit and his faithful follower. "They'll think a hull army's 'bushed 'em—they'll take to kiver an' waste a hour tryin' to surround an' out-buzzle nobody—the pesky greenhorns!"

"You killed him—I saw him fall," muttered the boy miner, half-resentfully, as he remembered how Zimri had prevented his firing a shot when Laughing Dick stood almost within arm's length.

Coon chuckled in high glee, but made no reply for Crazy Billy and Beauty were gradually distancing them. Though he had no fixed plans, Zimri was not quite ready to part company, and so they pressed on more rapidly, as they were now far beyond ear-shot of the enemy, if, as he believed, no pursuit had been made.

Moodily enough Little Volcano followed, his thoughts only too busy. Black and bitter were they. Despite her avowal of love—despite the warning note brought by Chough Lee, he believed Mary Morton had been playing with him—nor did he stop to ask himself her reasons. Since that night he had recalled many little points which had passed unnoticed before.

He knew that Laughing Dick boarded at the Miner's Rest. He had seen him more than once speaking with Mary, though she had always appeared cool and distant—still that might be only prudence. Then came that meeting beside the spring—as the figures were recalled, he more than ever believed Laughing Dick was the man. And, too, how had she learned the plans of Sleepy George and his fellows—how but through her gambler lover. Yet there was one misty point. Could she play false with Laughing Dick, as well?

"Peg along little 'un," cheerily uttered Zimri, as the boy miner stumbled over a loose stone, he evidently attributing it to fatigue.

"We're most thar. Yender's the place whar I used Sleepy George for grizzly bar bait—he! he! he! Durned if that dodge won't be the death o' me yet! Squeal—oh, git out! The varmint was wide awake then, you bet!"

"He's going to the cave then, I'm glad of that. He's got something there I want to have another look at. I was too bad scared when here before, but I heard them talking about it in town—that is, something like it; those pictures at the hotel, you know."

"I'd give a purty to know the hull story o' them—yes, I would," muttered Coon, thoughtfully. "They must be a story—an' that pesky Long Tom's mixed up long o' it. Why, chalk 'd 'a' made a black mark on his face when he saw 'em!"

"I wish it was in any other place, though. Even if the animals ain't thoroughly tamed, they are chained up so I don't reckon they could get loose. But the snakes aren't. I could see and hear dozens—hundreds, for what I know—and felt them crawling all over me as I lay there—ugh!"

"I don't reckon thar's much use in our goin' inside—they durned cusses is the wust to give a critter the ager you ever hearn tell," suddenly added Zimri.

Little Volcano chuckled. He knew right well what a pious horror his old friend had of snakes, whether venomous or not.

"You can wait for me, outside—but I must see that picture again. If I can remember aright, it will give me the clue I've been hunting for these three years."

Neither spoke again until the cave was reached. The hermit entered and struck a light, then called aloud for them to enter. Little Volcano obeyed without hesitation, and Zimri kept close at his heels.

"I reckon I kin go wharver you do," was his quiet response to the quick look of Little Volcano. "We're pards, you know. What comes to one, comes to the both on us."

The scene was a peculiar one. All around crouched the chained animals, now lying quiet as though recently fed. An owl or a bat would occasionally flit from perch to perch on noiseless wing. Besides these only the serpents seemed restless, gliding here and there, now coiling themselves into a glittering pyramid, now hissing sharply as though angry at being disturbed by the hermit as he passed; but, though the warning rattle would skirr, the moccasin or copperhead hissing display their fangs, not one attempted to strike; and Little Volcano gradually recovered his composure, turning toward the painted canvas, dwelling long upon each figure, closely scanning each face in the different scenes.

He, too, recognized the likeness—as others had—Long Tom; and another face seemed familiar—that of the victim who stood upon the scaffold in the last scene. But try as he might, he could not place it, until Zimri—who by this time had become in a measure used to the snakes—cried:

"Look at that young feller—it's your face, by—"

The boy miner started, as the truth flashed upon him. He knew the face now. He had seen the same—only a trifle younger—in the mirror.

"Stand still—don't move a muscle—if you stir an inch you are a dead man!" hissed Crazy Billy, gliding up beside them. "Obey, and I will save you—don't stir, unless you wish to die. There is a rattlesnake coiled around your leg!"

The sickening horror inspired by these words stood the miners in good stead. They seemed stupefied—though every sense was painfully alert. Their first impulse was to rush for the open air, but fortunately their limbs refused to obey.

Unable to move, even to lower his eyes, Zimri Coon could feel the truth of the warning. Around his right leg—that one nearest the boy miner—an iron band seemed tightening itself until he felt that his leg would be crushed to a pulp. Now it seemed as though of ice—now of molten iron. Yet all this was the effect of imagination, since he had not noticed the presence of the snake until Crazy Billy spoke of it, nor had the reptile moved since, its eyes riveted upon those of the hermit as he crouched down before it.

A low humming sound came from the hermit's lips, growing louder and more distinct as he gradually extended his hand toward the reptile's head. For a moment it seemed as though the serpent would strike the extended hand,

but then, as the voice grew clearer, its jaws closed, its head glided forward and rested upon the open palm. Inch by inch the scaly body glided around Zimri's leg, the snake crawling up the hermit's arm. It seemed to Coon as if the tendons of his limb were being pulled out, one by one, and the cold drops of perspiration started out upon his face, so acute was his imaginary torture.

Then Crazy Billy rose upright. The rattlesnake lay upon his arm as though sleeping. Zimri waited for no more. With one mean leap he was out of the cave, nor did he pause until at the foot of the hill, where Little Volcano found him, faint and breathless, trembling like a leaf.

"Shut up!" he gasped, as the boy miner began. "Don't you ever speak to me 'bout that, or I'll cut your heart out—I will, by—"

"It's the picture I want to speak about, old friend," said Little Volcano, in a subdued tone. "Those two faces—one is Long Tom; the other is—or was—my brother!"

"It's like you as two peas. I never knowed you hed a brother—you never spoke of him."

"It is a black story, and I don't like to talk about it—but I must now. You saw those pictures—they will explain the most of it. My brother was arrested for murder—they found him beside the body, with a bloody knife in his hand. On that knife were his initials. Two men swore that my brother and the dead man had been gambling together, and my brother lost a very large sum—even more than he was worth, since it was found that the books—he was assistant cashier in a bank—were falsified. They quarreled in the gambling hall—came to blows, even. Brother swore he would be avenged. Then they found him as that picture tells. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung, on those two men's evidence. He was hung—and buried. That was when I was a child. When I grew up, I learned all this—and more. The two men whose evidence hung him, and who were both employed in the same bank, were suspected of fraud, but they fled, after robbing the bank of a large sum. They were never heard of again. But this, coupled with other facts which gradually came out, made me believe that brother had suffered innocently, and I took up the search, swearing never to leave it until dead, or I had brought the truth to light. And now—I believe I have found the men!"

"Long Tom and—"

"Crazy Billy!"

"It may be—but, lad, don't be too brash. Take time to think it all out. Let's wind up the job we're on first; then I'll help you all I know how. You'll do this for me?"

"Yes—I have learned patience since I took the trail. A month more will not hurt. But I can't stay here—so near him, thinking as I do. If I saw him now I should shoot him like a dog! Come—let's get away from here."

Nothing loth, Zimri complied, and once more they set out toward the golden placer, in silence. They both had too much to think of for speech.

The sun was crowning the mountains when Zimri halted, upon a rocky peak, and taking out his chart, carefully studied it as he glanced keenly around.

"Can you make anything out of it?" at length asked Little Volcano, a little nervously, now that the moment was at hand when the truth or falsity must be known.

"Ef the thing don't lie, I kin take you to the spot in five minnits!" promptly replied Zimri, refolding the chart. "Come—let's know the hull truth, one way or 't'other."

Scrambling over rocks and crevices, swinging down by vines and bushes, the two men rapidly descended the hill, their faces growing flushed and more eager with every moment—already showing signs of the yellow fever. And then they stood in the little valley, where, according to the chart, lay the gold placer.

At some distant period this had been the bed of some mighty stream, coming from the heart of the mountains. The boulders were rounded, the crags worn smooth, though now the valley was verdant; bushes, young trees and grass growing all around.

Then Little Volcano uttered a sharp cry as he sprang forward. Stooping, he tore away the sand—then stood erect. In his hands shone a dull yellow lump of metal, nearly as large as his clenched fist!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335)

## TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

**\$55 to \$77** a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. 339-177.

**PHOTO'S** of Actresses, Love Scenes, etc., 10 for 25c. Gay, 3 for 25c. Views of Pretty Girls, Scenery, Comic, 3 for 25c. S. R. LUDEN, E. Lincoln, Me. 331-343.

**THIS IS NO PASTIMES** By sending 35 cents and stamp with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box No. 83, Fultonville, N. Y. 394-358.

**\$77** a Week to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 339-177.

**\$5 to \$20** per day as Agents, Samples with a free. BRINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 330-177.

**\$12** a day at home. Agents wanted. With a few terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 330-177.

**50** FINELY PRINTED BRISTOL VISITING CARDS sent post-paid for 25 cts. Send stamp for sample of Glass Cards, Marble, Snow-Bakes, Scroll, Damask, Etc. We have over 100 styles. Agents Wanted. A. H. FULLER & CO., Brockton, Mass. 390-527.

**75** VISITING CARDS, no two alike, with Circular, 75 cts., by return mail, 30 cts. and 3 ct. stamp. Your name handsomely printed; choicest assortment ever seen. Unheard of inducements to agents. Largest variety on earth at my office. Write plainly, and if you are not more than satisfied I'll refund your money. Address W. C. CANNON, 46 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass. 335-670.

**STANDARD SCROLL BOOK**, just out, has 300 designs and ideas invaluable to all Painters, etc. Just the thing wanted, and must be seen to be appreciated. \$1. Examine at any book-store or painter's supply store.

**GILDER'S Manual**—A complete practical guide adapted to all trades using gliding; also SILVERING, and other valuable matter. Just out, 50 cents. Of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y. 341-117.

**50** Mixed Cards, with name, 25 cts. Samples for 3 ct. stamp. J. MINER & Co., Nassau, N. Y. 341-117.

**LADIES** can make \$5 a day in their own city or town. Address Ellis Man'g Co., Waltham, Mass. 341-474.

**FREE!** 21 samples for trial. Best color printing, 100 copies out. Fruit 40 per cent. Agents make \$70 per month. Unemployed send stamp for pamphlet. K. H. RAY & Co., Chicago. 341-56.

**OPIUM CURE**. Also a valuable secret to mar-ried people; send stamp to Lock-box 940, Logansport, Ind. 341-36.



# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:**

One copy, four months, \$1.00

Two copies, one year, 3.00

Five copies, one year, 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any issue number.

**TAKE NOTICE.**—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to  
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
10 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

**The PHANTOM SPY,** before announced, was finished at the last moment before Buffalo Bill's departure for the "seat of war," since when he has been so incessantly "on the go," as chief of scouts, as to make even letter-writing almost impossible. Hence the announcement of a serial story from his hand, upon the Custer massacre, written within a few weeks, is simply preposterous; and when it is also known that the scout has scarcely been heard from for many weeks, the reading public can draw its own inference as to the authenticity of the promised production.

**Buffalo Bill's Only "Last Story!"**

We begin in our next issue Hon. William F. Cody's very latest production, viz.:

## THE PHANTOM SPY;

OR,

## The Pilot of the Prairie.

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER.

A story so life-like and so filled with exciting episodes and powerful characters as to seem all real. That it is much more than "founded in fact" is easy to be seen. In the "Phantom Spy"—the mysterious

## WHITE RIDER OF THE PLAINS,

the author portrays a daring and beautiful young woman whom fate had bound to an outlaw's life and whose messenger she became. The life she led, the perils she passed, and the mystery of her surroundings it is the purpose of this story to tell. It remained for the "Pilot"—a scout and explorer of

## Wonderful Daring, Skill and Intelligence,

in connection with his "pards," Bravo Bob, Yankee Sam and Scalp-Lock Dave, to penetrate that mystery in a brave, adventurous way. Under the ban of exile and outlawry—hunted by his fellows and driven by them to desperate deeds—over the Pilot's welfare watches

## THE LOVELY LADY OF THE FORT,

and with that watchfulness come a love, sacrifice and faith that make all beautiful around her. The story moves rapidly from river fort to mountain outlaws' haunt—from the settlement to the savage trail, and, through all, the Pilot rides on his magnificent horse, the central figure of a

## Wild, Singular and Startling Tale,

which will be read with absorbing interest to the end. As Buffalo Bill is now "on the war-path" and chief of scouts in the expedition against the Sioux, it will be his last story until his return, which readers will await with an exciting impatience.

## Sunshine Papers.

### A Modern Old Man.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor it."

I COULD not do it. It was in a horse-car, and he did not need my seat, as he had one next me. And when I commenced to wish he were deprived of that place, or I of mine, the car was too closely packed for me to "rise up before the hoary head," though every impulse of body and soul went out in longings to follow the biblical command.

No doubt you think me a well-brought-up young woman, creditably obedient to the teachings of the Parson. But I must modestly and firmly decline to accept your good opinions. I never felt so much like questioning the mandates of the Law in my life, as at that identical moment. Had I been inclined to meditate concerning aught but the behavior of that ancient masculine, I should probably have decided, then and there, that a revision of the Bible was needed. That the accepted edition was altogether obsolete as a guide to the manners of these days. And that the Parson might mean well enough, but urged the necessity of respect toward old age with very erroneous propriety.

Even if I could have risen "up before the hoary head," I could not have "honored the face of the old man"—I mean in spirit. I was thinking vengeancefully that a dishonorable, horrible, contemptible, barbarous old creature he was! For I can assure you that it is not at all amusing to sit in a car with an elderly gentleman next you; even if he is old enough to be your grandfathers, neat enough to be mistaken for a second Beau Brummel, meek and serious enough to suggest the possibility of his being a deacon, an elder, or a Right Reverend, and silvery enough of hair and beard to be somewhat grand old patriarch. Not at all amusing, if grand old patriarch will persist in fastening themselves upon your countenance with the utmost tender admiration, and his mouth will wear the most persuasive smiles, and he gently edges, with infinitesimal moves, nearer and nearer you, and his feet betray great uncertainty as to where they belong, and remarkable anxiety to occupy your part of the car. Somehow

you cannot bring yourself to account for his behavior on the score of heavenly meditations, rapid religious devotion, absence of mind from matter, unconsciousness of your bodily presence, or any wholly spiritual reasons. On the contrary, you are morally certain the old idiot is inwardly chuckling over your misery, as you shrink into a smaller and smaller space, and wretchedly turn and twist for a more comfortable position, and hide your insulted feet further and further under the car-seat, and grow warmer and warmer, redder and redder, angrier and angrier, until your anathemas upon ancient masculinity, if not loud, are immeasurably deep. And you are ready to indignantly refuse to accept any commands to "honor the old man"—this modern old man!

For this modern old man is—terrible! On the promenade he is wickedly regardless of every pretty woman. In the cars he tortures them. In the stage he gets his arm upon the back of the seat so that the unfortunate female next him must either submit to the horrible idea that the imbecile is hugging her, or sit so far forward that every lurch of the omnibus precipitates her with crucifying indignity into the arms of a man opposite, or outrages the feelings and finery of a woman beside her by hurling her against that individual's new bonnet. And when you attempt to escape the awful atmosphere of that conveyance, he gives your arm a pinch that inspires you with a mad desire to break the sixth commandment upon the spot!

I was brought up to remember with righteous awe the merited fate of those naughty children who called the prophet names, and to observe and believe in the statute, "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc.

I love the words of that commandment still. There is always a certain tenderness lingering about them, it seems to me. And one can always feel, fondly, that one's father and mother will always be worthy one's honor. And I still hold as my private opinion that those bears who punished the mocking children were animals remarkably induced with clear ideas as to correct youthful government; for there is not the slightest doubt as to the merits of the prophet. He was an old man—not of modern days; and no wise subject to my anathemas. For our modern old man must not be confounded with that ancient masculinity which

—beats without abuse

The grand old name of gentleman."

The schools are widely different—into which the ancient and modern old man belong. Of the former are our grandfathers and all the revered, gray-headed friends we love and honor, and look upon as citadels to which insulted youth and beauty may always flee for protection. Of the latter school are the ridiculous old creatures who infest our city streets and conveyances, at this present date.

### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### YOUTHFUL AMBITIONS.

WHAT strange ambitions some youngsters have! You have heard of the father who asked his son if he would rather be a statesman like Daniel Webster or an inventor like Robert Fulton, haven't you? If you have, you have also heard what that son's answer was. "Please, father, I'd rather be a clown in a circus."

Many others have had as odd notions as to what calling in life they would prefer to follow. As they grow older they grow wiser, however, and have a good laugh over their youthful ambitions. As a person rarely marries his first love, so I think there are few who carry out the early ideas when they have come to the years of discretion. I have heard of a youngster who thought it would be perfect happiness to be the driver of a stage coach, to travel miles and miles through woods and stop at various taverns on the way, to crack his whip and blow his horn, and be considered of great consequence by the post boy, who changed his horses, to know that many anxious hearts were awaiting his arrival with the mail, and have so much gossip—picked up on the way—to relate to the gaping crowd. His life was far more different and far more exciting. He was far more important, became a soldier, but, tired of an inactive life, gave up his commission; but, when the war broke out, joined the army again, dashed through the thickest of the fray and gave up his life for his country, dying at the head of his regiment, at Glendale, and his body now peacefully sleeps in beautiful, quiet Mt. Auburn.

Another's ambition lay in the dramatic line. To be an actor and a dramatic author was to be mounted on the pinnacle of happiness, so he wrote tragedy, comedy and farce; boyish attempts though they were, they were as highly appreciated by his youthful audiences as though they were the production of the Shakespeare. He wanted to "read the boards," to be a king and order his subjects here and there, to be a hero and rescue lovely innocents, and have people stamp their feet and clap their hands with delight, and have the curtain go down amidst a tumult of applause. I suppose many others have had just such wishes. The youngster of the past is now a man, and a Bishop of the Episcopal Church—one who also writes you of good, practical common sense, and I don't know as his dramatic proclivities, when young, have harmed him now he is older.

One of my old schoolmates was exceedingly ambitious. She was going to come across some wealthy couple and travel with them all over the world. I believe the lady was to die, and my friend was to marry the rich widower and pass her declining days in ease and comfort. Her life wasn't going to be one of drudgery; it was to be like a present story book. At present accounts she has not come across the wealthy couple; she hasn't taken her voyage around the world, and the wealthy wife hasn't died. She is living on a farm some miles from a city, and she says she wouldn't change her residence for Queen Victoria's palace and grounds; that her husband is the dearest and most generous fellow in the world, and she wouldn't change him for the wealthiest widower under the "canopy." If I had intimated that this would have been her fate, she would have "tip-tilted" her nose and said—"Eve Lawless, how can you?" Then it would have seemed a very commonplace sort of existence to look forward to the one she is now leading, and yet I don't believe you could find a happier or more contented being on earth than she is. At school she complained if she had to wear a dress longer than she wished, but I believe she would be content to wear patches if she could help her husband along by doing so. She hasn't the least desire to roam abroad; her little farm is a little world to her; she exemplifies the words,

"Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king."

Many of us find that the earthen dishes will not make the food less palatable than if our dinners came to us on golden plates, such as we were so ambitious to have for ours when we were young, green and callow!

There used to be a little boy who was of such a sanguinary disposition that he thought

he should like to be a pirate, and "sail across the briny sea," fearing no one and putting all laws at defiance. It would seem that his ambition was not gratified, as he dwells in a little inland town and stands in dread of his wife's tongue. Maybe he finds it a stronger and a sharper weapon than sword or cutlass! He doesn't look very piratical while she is giving him "a piece of her mind!"

Perhaps George Washington thought it would be better fun to grow up a first class cherry-tree cutter than to become a great general. Many boys have just such ambitions, but, as they grow older, they find that work and not fun is what brings in the "needful."

Still, I don't know as it is any harm for youth to give way to visions of pleasure, even if they are never realized.

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

### The Centennial in Migglesville.

THE Fourth of July at Migglesville was a glorious affair. It was about two sizes larger than it was anywhere else, and the day was about three hours longer than elsewhere.

The morning broke and scattered all over the town at a very early hour; the firing of cannon by the Migglesville artillery company was what broke the morning—it shattered it very effectively. One hundred guns were fired, but really they only had one gun; the balance were all imaginary, depend upon me. They would have begun to shock foreign tyrants much earlier but the gunner accidentally rammed in the wad first and the powder afterward, and they were compelled to touch the cannon off through the muzzle, which blew the wad out of the touch-hole, and took several inches off the patriotic nose who was watching the touch-hole to prevent the load coming out there. The firing woke up a good many of our citizens who had slept enough, and some of them got up to see what the Fourth of July looked like—to see what kind of a man he was.

Our town was gorgeously arrayed in her Sunday duds, and flags and banners fluttered from every window, patriotically mottoed; some of the sentiments ran thus:

Use Grigg's soft soap.

Randig's bed-bug poison is used by our best families.

Try the Centennial pedagogue.

King's elixir cures everything.

Paragoric at Brown's.

For summer wear, use Jaque's porous plasters.

And other legends of freedom, which were well calculated to strike terror, or something else, to the palpitating heart of Great Britain, or any anti-slavery dealer.

The grand procession formed at ten o'clock, led by the grand marshal with two assistants, and they were barely enough to support him. Then came a policeman with a pole, who punched the dense crowd out of the way.

The Migglesville brass band, composed of the brassiest men in the town, and so well skilled that each of them could blow a brass kettle and make music on it.

Centennarians, every one of whom was one hundred years old, or where there was a gap, two men of fifty walked side by side, or four men of twenty-five each filled a place.

A squad of fifty cavalymen on foot presenting a fine appearance.

A company of mounted marines on side saddles on deck of untamed mules.

One wagon-load of husbandless wives, representing the whole of the United States, and some of the uglier ones personating the territories.

One scalawag on a rail representing King George of England, and swearing at the traveling accommodations in royal style.

One man in a wheelbarrow representing a big drunk, but not taking much interest in the proceedings.

One company of wifeless husbands walking on foot with sad and solemn countenances, and their arms folded—to represent the dark hours of the revolution.

One wagon-load of fatherless orphans in ragged costume, to represent hard times.

One body of pedestrians walking on foot, trying to carry the U. S. flag straight.

One large phalanx of dead beats—lively enough and ready to attack any hash-house that displayed the British flag, or just as ready to storm any that didn't.

One military company of unarmed men, meandering, and waving hats.

One company of two-armed men strolling.

One company of wooden-legged men samtering.

One real company reeling.

One crowd of footmen on horseback.

One battalion of horsemen in carriages.

One-half of society of prevention of cruelty to animals, twenty in number, in one large wagon drawn by one lame horse.

Twenty-seven members of the secret order of the whisky ring, with illuminated noses.

One wagon-load of old maids.

One wagon-load of old bachelors trying to catch up.

One wagon full of debtors.

One wagon-load of creditors on a chase.

Mayor of the town on a dray.

Several boys riding on sticks.

Music: boy playing Yankee Doodle on comb, the doodle left out.

Squad of watchmakers keeping time.

Newspaper subscribers also going on time.

Boy on velocipede.

Man on a pillion.

One wagon-load of brewers with three millionaires riding behind.

One carriage containing three keno-bank presidents.

Four in hand canal-boat team.

One man riding on horse-rake.

One doctor in sulky plow.

Lot of one-horse lawyers in two-horse wagon.

Small darkey carrying a bucket of water.

The march of the procession was seriously interrupted by a small boy pinning a pack of firecrackers to the coat-tail of one member, which raised such a commotion that if the invader had been caught he would have been hung on the spot as an insidious Britisher. A

drove of hogs seriously delayed the procession by passing through the center of it, and some of the members in passing a saloon would break ranks, and we had to wait some time for them.

At the fair grounds we listened to the Declaration, which was read by a professor in several languages for the benefit of those who didn't know anything about it. They thought it was a new thing, and cheered it accordingly.

When he read the names of the signers loud calls were made for them under the supposition that they were present on the grounds.

The oration was listened to by everybody who heard it, and everybody who hadn't his pocket picked cheered the orator at the close. The only thing that marred the oration was the putting of a pack of fire-crackers in the orator's coat-pocket, which caused him to jump around rather lively, and put in a few emphatic phrases which were not included in his

notes, and he received a good deal of extra applause.

Then there was a sham-fight, and several other fights which were not tame, and in which more men fell than in the former. The benevolent man who had a beer-stand on the ground, being deserving, was so well patronized by the crowd, that when they started for town in the evening the procession was two hours passing a given point, said point being a saloon. The fireworks in the night didn't go off, but the man who collected the money for them did, and in the little bits of hours Migglesvillians went home with the Fourth of July spirit, and went to bed with their boots on to keep the mosquitoes from biting their feet.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOOT.

## Topics of the Time.

—This country can supply the world with soda for ages if the magnitude of the soda mines of Wyoming is not an exaggeration. According to the statistics the soda consumed in the United States is now imported from England. During the year 1875 about 300,000 tons were used, costing \$12,000,000. There is a prospect now, however, that the time will soon come when not only the consumption of this country can be supplied from the production in its own borders, but that enough can be mined to supply the world.

—It is very gratifying to see that the poor crow, which only a few years ago everybody's hand was against, turns out to be one of the most valuable birds for the farmer we have. Their only sin is in eating the newly-planted grains of corn; but this can be wholly obviated by taking half a peck of corn for a field, soaking it well, and scattering it over an adjoining field. Crows never eat any hard grain, but will bury it until it becomes soft, as we have often seen them do. But they at all times prefer worms, beetles, etc., when they can be obtained, and devour immense numbers of them.

—The reward of kindly deeds is thus taught by a Persian story. Hadji had a dream one night and saw a man who was held in unutterable torment in the yonder world for his selfishness, intolerance and cruelty. Every limb suffered—only the right foot had occasional respite from agony. Hadji asked the seer why it was this foot was pained. "This man suffers continually," said the seer, "except that once he kicked a tuft of grass to a tethered ox standing in the hot sun. For this one act that foot has its reward."

—The London Mathematical Society lately occupied itself with a discussion of the following problem: "In a school of fifteen girls a rule has been laid down that they shall walk out every day in rows of threes, but that the same two girls shall never come together twice in the same row." The rule is supposed to have been carried out correctly during the six working days of the week, but when Sunday comes it is found impossible to send the girls to church without breaking the rule. This problem was announced more than a century ago, and has engaged the attention of distinguished mathematicians, for the reason that its solution involves the use of mathematical analysis.

—The Baptists of the United States have no reason to be ashamed of what has been accomplished by their denomination during the past one hundred years. At the beginning of the century now just ended there were about 25,000 members of that church in the thirteen colonies; now there are about 2,000,000, making the denomination the next to the largest in the United States. It outnumbers the Congregational and Episcopal denominations twofold. There are 6,000,000 members and attendants of the Baptist churches in this country, nearly one-seventh of the whole population. It is proposed to raise an educational fund of \$5,000,000 this year by \$1 contribution.

By the law of April 2, 1792, the silver dollar was specified as the unit of value, and no other coin was ever specified by United States laws as a unit of value until the law of February, 1873, specified a gold dollar. The silver dollar continued to be a legal tender for all debts, and to be a measure of the value of all other United States coins, until 1873. In fact, the legal tender function of the Federal silver dollar has never been repealed. The coinage of this silver dollar was prohibited by the law of February, 1873; but there is no question but that if the dollar of this country were to be tender for the payment of any debt, the courts would be obliged to recognize the tender as a full legal one for the satisfaction of the debt.

—In some districts of India it is the custom to hold what is known as a devil's dance, when strings are passed through the flesh of young men on both sides of the body. The dances sometimes die from their injuries. There is a resemblance between this custom and that of the Sioux Indians, who at intervals have feasts and dances, in which young men who aspire to be warriors have strings of buffalo-hide passed through the flesh on both sides of the breast, and the strings being attached to a cross-pole, or to buffalo skulls. The would-be braves must dance without food or drink until the flesh gives way and they are liberated from torture. The two customs may have had the same origin. An improvement on this would be to put the strings of buffalo-hide around the young braves' necks, then tie to the cross-pole.

—Almost all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on sidewalks and in sandy spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large granite quarries and mills in that place, and the waste is turned to good account in producing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown, by the shoveller, into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a beltstone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows. Above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone, where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half-bushel of good "marbles" all ready for the boy's knuckles. One mill will turn 100,000 "marbles" per week. The hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

—A Santa Barbara correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal has seen the "fastest stage-driver in California." This is the breezy story: "The tallest man I ever made was when a wagon of \$10,000 was pending between the old California Stage Company and the Pioneer Stage Company. I drove for the California. The track was from Virginia City to San Francisco. Old Lent telegraphed me to drive him 55 miles on the way. I strapped myself on the box, and Lent and two other fellows jumped into the stage, and I laid my whip on. There was six horses, as fine flesh as I ever seen. Then horses were worth \$10,000. I just laid the whip on every jump. I never took off the whip during the whole 50 miles. We were going down grade, down the Sierras. The road was pretty rocky, and sometimes I didn't skip the chasms, a thousand feet deep, by more than two inches. It makes my flesh crawl now to think of it, but then I was just nerved up to do anything, and we came down that grade a-fluking. Taylor was to drive the next 50 miles, and he starts down the road and me after him, and we run each other five miles before we could check up and change passengers. It was black and blue all over, but I made 50 miles in four hours; the time's on record, or I wouldn't tell it. That's the fastest time ever made with a stage coach. The California beat by one hour and twenty minutes the whole distance." After this, Buffalo Bill's sketch of a Fast Drive, that lately appeared in our columns, will bear reprint, with additions!

## Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Poor Polly," "Rose of Life," "At Evening," "I Dream of Thee," "The Clumber Cave," (six cents postage due); "Boiling the Potato," "Love Down a Well," "Adventure, etc.," "Walter Dunbar, etc.," "Bell Moreland."

Accepted: "The Invalid's Wish," "Gone Before," "A New Species," "Many a Gem," "A Good Rule," "When Old Friends Part," "The Close of the Term," "Miss Proctor's First Party," "Adonighal," "Will She Keep the Pledge," "When Will Meet Will."

A. H. P. Have written. Have no want of matter indicated.

BEN. Compute the difference in actual time yourself. A minute of a degree is a mile in measurement.

P. K. We are making no engagements of the nature indicated—wanting no novels for the two seasons named.

DANTON. Sunday is not a day for calling on the ladies, in the Northern States, unless you first obtain permission to call on that day.

J. R. M. We shall have to say no to the matter offered. It is simply impossible to use one-half the possible contributions submitted. The sketch is hardly up to our demands.

T. J. V. See announcement elsewhere regarding Buffalo Bill's "last story." To have written a serial story on the war-trail, so remote from civilization that even brief dispatches are only forwarded under great danger to the messenger, is about as possible and probable as for the scout to use Sitting Bull for a war-horse.

KIRBY CLOVER. We presume your aunt will some day satisfy your curiosity. So long as your mother approves it is all right. For your sisters to be able to do so well for the family is very pleasant. You can write again, of course, if it will please you. You write a very proper letter for a girl of fifteen.

WILLIE. Be steady and your promotion is sure. Boys in learning trades make a great mistake in quitting before the training is thoroughly learned. Don't try to enforce your wishes. Relationship gives you no right to dictate. Loving attention and confidence will win where harsh words fail. You should have been the student of the proffer. Let your sister invite the lady to be her guest again, and then make amends by volunteering your attentions.

E. MARSEOLA. Just as well to write backhanded.

—Castle Garden is the lower end of New York City.

—Mrs. Fleming's address is Brooklyn, N. Y.—Never heard of the other person you name.

A. S. C. B. Your parents probably are much sharper-eyed than you for they know human nature better. You will be wise for your own self and others to wait three years. That will certainly confirm your impressions. Even after that time, however, marriage is far too serious a matter for you to make any mistake. So hasten slowly.

ROSE. Grape wine is made by the simple process of expressing the juice from grapes fully ripe and all around. Pick over the grapes, cut out every squeezing every defective berry. Put the juice in a barrel or keg with bung out, and keep a barrel or keg full so that in fermenting the juice will run out of the bung. When first ferment is over carefully draw off the juice, through a faucet or syphon, and place in a tight, close barrel or keg. This will again ferment in a few weeks and produce a superior wine (or sediment). Draw off again carefully and put in perfectly tight package. This is pure juice wine. If grapes are not very sweet sugar must be added before the wine is put in the barrel. The less sugar in the juice the purer the wine and the finer the flavor. Good wine growers never use the sugar which is added to the ferment, which occurs in the spring after the wine is made—when the buds are again putting out on the vines. The wine is then drawn off and bottled, and the cork sealed for use as it is wanted. Keep always in a cool place (about sixty degrees). As to the kind of grape preferable in your locality, consult growers. Each grape has its choice of soil, climate and treatment—all of which you must understand. Before venturing in the culture we would advise you to visit some of the vineyard processes at Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, or at Hammondsport, N. Y., or the Cincinnati vineyards.

EDDELONA. It is perfectly proper to receive the attentions of a gentleman with whom one has quarrelled. If the quarrel has been explained and forgiven, why not? Are you not commanded, according to the Bible, to forgive "seventy and seven" times? But if the quarrel is upon a subject of character which may occasion future misery, it is better to let the quarrel result in a future renewal of acquaintance.

MINDIE, Moorefield, Ind., writes: "Is there any school where boys and young men are graduated for the navy at Newport? Can dark skin be made white; if so how is it done? How can a boy be made white? The only naval academy is at Annapolis. Naturally dark skin cannot be made white; but tan and freckles may be removed with care, and yellow skin induced. The hair may be made to grow, and health may be remedied. To whiten red hands, wash them with the best quality of soap, and just before drying them make up the face with a little yellow face powder, and a little white powder, and rub in well, and wipe without rinsing. Or make a soap by scraping English brown Windsor soap, and powder, and put in to a thick paste with lemon-juice and rose-water."

DANDYLION. Hyperbole is an exaggeration, or an assertion beyond the truth. It is a very light shower and has been in a very light shower and your clothing is damp, that you are wet to the skin; or to talk of a light shower. The national salute is determined by the number of States composing the Union, at the rate of one gun for each State.

MINNIE. Flowers may be kept fresh some time by filling the vases, daily, with fresh water to



## THE INVALID'S WISH.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Would I could gather the sunshine,  
And bind it forever within  
My heart where the blackness of midnight  
Broods like the shadow of sin!  
Never a glimpse of the woodland!  
Never a breath of the flowers  
Never a gleam of the amber light  
Comes through the wearisome hours!

Never a sound of the brooklets  
That sleep in the cool, shady dell,  
Or a note from the birds whose music  
Sweet stories of autumn-time tell!  
Nothing but darkness and sadness,  
And dreams that are fleeting and vain,  
And a yearning wish for one brief hour  
Of freedom from care and pain!

O! that my feet could wander  
Over the meadows brown,  
Through the blossoming woodland  
When the leaves are blowing down—  
Floating and drifting forever  
In a shower of crimson rain,  
While the silvery brooklet singeth  
A sad and sweet refrain!

I would gather the scarlet blossoms,  
And the leaves of tinted gold,  
And twine a wreath for the faded brow  
Of the summer growing old.  
I would gather the blossoms one by one  
That are left in the shady dell,  
And plant them in the sunniest spot  
That I know they love so well.

Ah! well! in the blessed "some time"  
I will watch for the skies of May,  
And the balmy winds of summer  
To banish all care away;  
I will welcome the mellow autumn  
With leaflets brown and gold,  
And the amber clouds that float and float,  
And sink with the glowing sun.

I will roam o'er meadows golden,  
Starred with the autumn flowers;  
I will gather the leaves sweet summer left  
To die in her faded bowers;  
I will linger amid the sunshine  
That maketh the autumn bright,  
And forget that the snow comes,  
Or over a gloomy night.

## The Men of '76.

SAMUEL ADAMS,

"The Father of the Revolution."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

[With this paper we close the series of Men of '76. Not that we have treated all the leading characters of that most important and interesting period; far from it; there are many others eminently entitled to notice, whose labors and sacrifices were as signal, and whose personal merits were as great as some of those chosen for notice. The Lee brothers, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Hugh Mercer, St. Clair, Harkness, Livingston, Glover, Otho Williams, Robert Treat Paine, Otis, Dickinson, Lachlan McIntosh, Alexander McDougall, Charles Lee, George Clinton, Jay, Gadsden, Buger, Charles Pinckney, Deane, Rutledge, "Light-Horse Harry" Lee—each and all were "men of history," whose memory must be dear to every patriotic soul. But, as our primary design was to tell the story of the Revolution as exemplified in the lives of its authors and actors, we have so fulfilled that design that almost every important act of the Revolution, from its inception to the establishment of the present Federal Government, has been given. The reader who has perused the sketches will have obtained from that perusal such a knowledge of the origin, rise and formation of the Republic as more formal and pretentious history does not always convey. It has been our aim to write with the precision, clearness and the fullness essential to a perfect picture of the times, the men, the events and the results—with what success our readers must determine.]

As Washington is very properly styled "The Father of his Country" so to Samuel Adams is due the honor of being named "The Father of the Revolution." Long before other men even thought of a separation from the mother country, this clear-headed, courageous man was talking of that event as a necessity. Indeed, from his very college days was an earnest, eloquent champion of Colonial liberty; so that when other men began to talk of resistance to parliament and ministry Samuel Adams was already a "veteran" in the cause of people against crown.

Samuel Adams was born in Purchase street, Boston, Sept. 23d, 1722. Like John Adams, his cousin, he was of full "Puritan" ancestry, and like him was educated at Harvard, from which he graduated with the promise of a brilliant future. To good scholarship he united a mind of great native strength and a power of expression that marked him for the popular leader.

On taking the degree of M. A., 1742, his thesis was: "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved." He espoused the affirmative and in that notable address announced those principles which, ere long, made him the head and directing mind of the patriotic party—a party small enough then, but under his leadership it so gained strength and acceptance, especially among the wealthy and influential, that when, in 1763, it was announced that the British ministry had it in view to "tax the Colonies, for the purpose of raising a revenue, which was to be placed at the disposal of the crown," the word *revolt* was everywhere heard. Boston answered by naming a committee to express the feeling of its people regarding taxation without Colonial consent or representation in Parliament, and to instruct her representatives in the General Court (Assembly). These instructions were drawn by Samuel Adams. They were a cogent and conclusive argument against the right of taxation by the British Parliament—the first public document which assumed that advanced ground and betrayed the spirit of resistance to the enforcement of such a right. The document is also memorable as suggesting a mutual correspondence among the Colonies and an "understanding" for their common interests—out of which sprung the idea of confederation and co-operation in a common cause. These "instructions" were published and rapidly spread through all the Colonies, producing a profound impression. The General Court responded by directing the Colonial agent of the Province, in London, to protest and use all means to prevent the passage of such an act. Franklin was that agent. How he obeyed orders we have seen. [See sketch of Franklin.]

In 1765 Adams was elected a member of the General Court, for the town of Boston, and thereafter was the pronounced champion of people and Colony as against Parliament, ministry and crown. His attitude was so deliberately defiant, and his influence so much so, that every royalist was startled, and many of the timidly patriotic protested, fearing that his zeal would lead to open rupture.

From protests and pleas the Court soon proceeded to threats, and the people to combinations to resist all attempts to collect from them revenue for the king; and the ministry, in return, planted troops and vessels of war in Boston to enforce Parliamentary acts. The spirit of hostility was fanned to a flame, and finally,

on March 5th, 1770, a collision occurred, by which four citizens were killed. The British Government was now forced strictly to the defensive, for the Colonies all were aflame and ripe for revolt. Sons of Liberty daily increased in numbers; Colonial legislatures were dissolved by royal governors only to reassemble as Conventions, to organize "treason." Samuel Adams was deeply involved in the "treasonable acts" in his Colony; and, corresponding constantly with patriots in other Colonies, did much to encourage and shape the movements for resistance. As early as 1768 he abandoned all hope of justice from king or Parliament and wrote, spoke in public and talked in private for American independence. When the massacre of March 5th occurred, Adams, in the name of the people, in a most memorable scene with Governor Hutchinson, compelled him to withdraw the two royal regiments wholly from Boston, and thereafter they were known as "Sam Adams' regiments."

In the *Boston Gazette* he wrote of public events in a manner well calculated to increase the "arrogant spirit of rebellion." As a consequence he became known in England as "one of the most dangerous of the malcontents;" and, as neither threat nor persuasion would silence him, a plan was conceived to buy him to silence. In 1774 a patent of nobility and 2,000 guineas per year were offered him if he would "support the government." This offer General Gage submitted through Col. Fenton, adding, as the alternative of rejection of the offer, "the anger of the king." Samuel Adams, glowing with indignation, answered: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the cause of my country. Tell General Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people." Adams then was poor. Men who regarded wealth and position more than principle found in his patriotism something amazing; patriots found in it the evidence of an honest man.

Adams was sent to the first Continental Congress, which he had done so much to call into existence. In that Congress he was an organizing mind. With convictions settled on "resistance to tyranny," he had no sympathy whatever with schemes for compromise. As a consequence when General Gage—then acting as governor—proclaimed martial law, in Boston, June 17th, 1775, he pronounced Samuel Adams and John Hancock proscribed from person for "offenses of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other than condign punishment." That, of course, confirmed Adams and Hancock in the regard of the people, in whose keeping life and honor were safe.

Adams served in every Congress until 1781. It is on record that as early as April, 1775, he wrote: "I am perfectly satisfied of the necessity of a public and explicit declaration of independence. I cannot conceive what good reason can be assigned against it," etc.—arguing earnestly for it. And when the great act was up for consideration, he delivered on the floor of Congress a speech which now is remembered as one of the great events of that epoch of moments when Freedom was in the throes of its birth.

When war was inaugurated, and the tide of reverse seemed to doom the cause to early defeat, Samuel and John Adams were liberal towers of strength. When Philadelphia was won by the British, and the enemy rioted in the Quaker City, Congress fled and resumed its sittings with only twenty-eight members. Most of these were dejected enough, and to some the cause seemed wholly lost. "Indeed it is desperate," said Sam Adams, "if this be our language. If we despair, let us not expect that others will hope, or that they will persevere in a contest from which their leaders shrink." Such calm courage had its reward. Congress was firm and undismayed, to all other eyes. None knew it had almost abandoned its work, until after the victory was won.

Of Mr. Adams a cotemporary writer (Galway: "Reflections on the Rise and Progress of the American Rebellion," London, 1780) said: "He ate little, drank little, slept little, thinks much, and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. It was this man who, by his superior application, managed at once the factions in Congress at Philadelphia and the factions of New England." Every word of which others have verified. He managed factions not so much by art and maneuver as by strength of will and the spirit of a patriotism without personal ambition or mercenary taint.

And of his person, dress and manners we have this picture, drawn by a graphic pen, in a late number of Harper's Magazine: "Though but little above the medium height, Mr. Adams' erect carriage gave him the appearance of being tall. To the last he wore the tie-wig cocked hat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes and red cloak. Though cordial, he was always somewhat formal. There was something in his aspect and manner that, once having seen the man, made it impossible to forget him—floral complexion, clear, dark-blue eyes (no glasses), heavy, almost bushy, eyebrows, and a countenance whose benignant, majestic expression never failed to impress strangers."

Adams retired from Congress in 1781 (having already served as a member of the convention that formed the first State constitution of Massachusetts) to take his seat in the State Senate. Of this body he was elected President, and so served until 1789, when he was elected Lieutenant-Governor. That office he held until 1794, when John Hancock having died, Adams was chosen Governor as his successor, and was annually re-elected for three terms. Then, worn with the cares of office, he was permitted to retire to the private life whose repose he had so well earned.

Many incidents are given of the respect and honor paid him in retirement. All classes regarded him with a touching veneration and affection. Eminent persons visiting Boston sought an interview, and carried away with them most agreeable impressions of the aged patriot's benignant manners and fine intelligence. It is related that, in 1800, when Governor Strong passed along Winter street, at the head of an immense military procession, he stopped before the old man's house and with uncovered head saluted the venerable statesman, who stood on his front steps. The military presented arms, and the vast multitude, with uncovered heads, witnessed the silent but deeply impressive scene.

He died at his Winter street residence, October 2d, 1803—having attained the advanced age of eighty-two years. It is said that, had he not inherited property by the death of his only son, he must have been buried by the hand of charity. He had only lived to serve his country and his State, and from their pitifully meager salaries had been able to save nothing.

Adams was not, like very many of the prominent men of the revolutionary period, a disbeliever in the Christian religion. With Jefferson's infidelity and French "red republican-

ism" he not only had no sympathy, but expressed both disgust and dislike in such unequivocal terms as to bring down upon him many a bitter taunt at his own fierce "Federalism" and aristocratic views. But Adams was no "aristocrat." He was a thorough republican in the sense of faith in representative government, and will ever be revered as one having a far-seeing and most enlightened view of the rights of the people and the needs of a law and ordinance which ruled them.

At his burial bells tolled; business was suspended; flags in the city and harbor were at half-mast; minute guns were fired by the garrison at Fort Independence and by artillery companies; a great concourse of people headed by the military was his escort to the Granary burial ground, where his body was placed in the Cheeky tomb, beside the remains of his first wife, Elizabeth Cheeky.

## The Dug-Out Gang:

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF "BUFFALO BILL."

BY BUFFALO BILL.

"SOME fourteen years ago I was running as Pony Express rider on the great Overland Mail route, and at the time I am about to speak of, was riding Pony Express through the Black Hills of the Laramie, on what was known at that time as Slade's Division.

"Some of you, no doubt, have heard of 'Alf Slade.' Mark Twain has, or else that Coffee Yarn was a 'put-up' job. Slade, with all his faults, was a good stage-man, and knew how to run a division such as he had to run. Slade's head-quarters, and the Main Home-station on his division, was at 'Horse-Shoe,' thirty-six miles west of Fort Laramie. And it was a lively station, you bet. As this was for several months one of my 'lay-over' stations, I remember well the lively times I spent there.

"This Pony Express-riding was exciting work when you were at it—the most exciting I ever did. The distance I was riding at that time was seventy-five miles, (and it was ridden in five hours), that being the regular time to make it in. Fifteen miles an hour, including stoppages for changing horses, was pretty lively work over a mountain road. But as I only had to make one round trip a week, I had nearly three days to rest at each end of the route. As I always knew about what time to expect the Pony again it gave me plenty of time to myself, which time I generally spent in hunting and many a glorious hunt I have had in the 'Black Hills of Laramie.' There were no buffalo, but plenty of bear, elk, deer, and antelope, and sage-hens, also jack-rabbits, of which there was no end.

"One morning at 'Horse-Shoe,' I thought I would take a hunt, and mounting one of the extra Pony horses, I started toward Laramie Peak to see if I could scare up a bear.

"It was in the fall of the year; one of those glorious Indian summer days, when the air, coming down so pure from the snow-capped summit of the grand old Rocky Mountains, makes one feel as though God had made that country for health and happiness. Reader, were you ever on the plains, or the mountains, mounted on a good horse, armed ready for whatever might turn up, miles and miles away from any human beings, that you knew of, relying on yourself? If you have not, you have never felt yourself a man, and knew that you were in a wild, dangerous country, and the monarch of all you surveyed. If you have felt this, you have felt just what God has made you—A MAN.

"Hello, Bison William! You are off of your trail.

"Well, it was just this way I felt that beautiful October morning, fourteen years ago, when I started out for a hunt, and the adventure took place that I am about to tell you of. Riding slowly up the creek, occasionally starting up a flock of sage-hens, or a jack-rabbit, which was of no interest to me, as I wanted to get further into the mountains, where I hoped to find bear (as bear was what I was after that day). I saw plenty of beautiful antelope, either grazing or bounding over the foot-hills, at my approach. Toward noon I shot a small white-tail deer, close to the creek.

"Unsaddling my horse and 'lariatting' him to a small cottonwood tree, where he could get good grass, I commenced skinning the deer and preparing for dinner. Oh, I wasn't going to have any roast or nothing! Somebody else—probably some of 'Pat Carey's' night hands, or 'Dick Whooling's' night herders.

"Selecting the portion I wanted for my roast, I then built a fire out of dry cottonwood sticks, and as I always carried salt and pepper in my saddle pockets, I was 'fixed.' Well, I had no 'hotel appetite like I have nowadays, and I made that deer look 'tired' before I got through with him. Then, loading my breeches with sage, and laying down on my blanket, with my saddle for a pillow, I was happy.

"When my horse was rested, I saddled up and started across a divide to another fork of the creek, about two miles distant. Going down a 'canyon' in the creek, I saw fresh bear signs, then I thought what fun I would have hunting bear, providing they did not hunt me. Although the bear had been there that very day, I could not scare up one, and so I kept roaming up the creek until the sun disappeared over the mountains.

"Although it was not sundown yet, I knew it would be a long, hard ride to go back to the station that night, so I concluded to keep on up the creek in the hopes of finding 'Mr. Bear.'

"As good or bad luck would have it, just before dark I spied a bear, feeding on some berries; so dismounting, and tying my horse to a tree, I cautiously crept toward 'Mr. Bear.' At last I got within about sixty yards of him. I thought I was close enough; probably I could have got closer, but I was too brave to risk it. Taking a good bead on him, I let old 'Hawkins' talk!

"At that time we had no breech-loading guns, a it required longer to load than it does nowadays (thanks to Messrs. Remington, Winchester, Evans, and many others). As it was getting dark I could not see my sights clear, and must have hit him a little too low, for it only wounded the brute, and the way he cried, cursed and tore around through that berry patch would make a 'crooked whisky' man look wild. As for my part, I had business immediately toward my horse!

"Oh—you have lumber, did you ever hunt a wounded bear? They are a nice animal to hunt, but—as the Dutchman said: 'When they hunt you, Got in Himmel!'

"In a moment I was mounted, and galloping back to where I last saw the bear, I found that he was gone; but listening, I heard him growling further up the creek, and putting spurs to my horse soon overtook him. When I first saw him, he was biting at the wound in his shoulder. When he spied me he turned around, stood upon his hind legs, got into position, as much as to say 'Come on!'

"By this time it was getting quite dark, and

I knew I must get close to have my shot tell. I had loaded old 'Hawkins,' and kept getting closer to 'Mr. Bear,' but he did not like the looks of me, and turned and ran up the hill. But I was soon close to him, keeping a good look-out that he did not turn upon me. Thinks I: 'My fine fellow, now I will get my works in' on you, for shooting from a horse on the run is my 'long suit'; there is where I get the best of the boys hunting buffalo.

"When quite close, raising myself in the stirrups, I shot him square through the head. That laid him out; and a fine fellow he was, weighing at least twelve hundred pounds.

"When sure that he was knocked out of time, I dismounted and cut his throat, to bleed him, as I was anxious to take some of the meat home with me.

"By this time it was dark, but, as I was determined to have his skin, I knew I must skin him at once, since he might freeze during the night, and then it would be a difficult job to do in the morning. Tying my horse to a tree, I commenced to skin him, and was getting along nicely, when I heard a horse whinny further up the creek, which caused me to stop my work at once, and springing for my gun, which I had neglected to load, I was not long in loading, for I well knew by that whinny that I had neighbors near by, and knowing that there were no white men in that country, nearer than the station, twenty miles away, I felt sure the horse must belong to some war-party of Indians, and if so, they had no doubt heard my rifle-shot, and I might expect a call from them at any moment.

"So, leaving the bear partly skinned, I mounted my horse and made tracks for the timber along the creek. When out of sight in the dark woods, I waited and listened for a long time, expecting every moment to hear the stealthy approach of Mr. 'Lo.' After waiting, probably, half an hour, I concluded to leave my horse securely tied, and on foot find out to whom the horse belonged that had caused all this alarm.

"Cautiously keeping up the creek, I pressed on for half a mile, when I began to hear animals moving, and soon discovered quite a number of horses grazing, close to the edge of the timber. By this I knew I was approaching a camp of some kind, and my movements became more cautious.

"Presently, from the opposite side of the creek, where the stream ran close to the mountain, I saw a light coming apparently from the side of the mountain. Crawling closer, I made out what I took to be a 'dug-out' in the side of the mountain. Now, this looked more like white man's work than 'Injun's.' Listening, I heard men's voices; and they were white men. Now, for what white men could have a 'dug-out' up here in the mountains, was what puzzled me. Surely it must be some trappers.

"But I had heard of no trappers in the hills that fall, there being no beaver-dams on that stream. Nevertheless they were white men, and I was determined to find out who they were.

"Walking boldly up to the entrance, I pulled at a buffalo robe (that was hung up for a door), and shouted: 'Hello in there!'

"In a second all voices were hushed, and I heard a general scrambling for guns, and could hear the sharp click, click of men cocking guns, pistols, etc. In a moment more one called out: 'Who's there?' 'Only a white man—a hunter,' was my reply. Then the same voice spoke: 'Come in! What are you standing out there for?'

"Raising the buffalo-robe door, I stooped a little, and stepped inside. As I did so, my eyes rested on nine of as rough a set of fellows as I ever had the fortune to look upon. I says: 'Good-evening, gentlemen. Did you think I was an Indian?'

"The man who had invited me in answered: 'We did not know who you were, and as we did not expect company this evening we were somewhat surprised to hear a man's voice, knowing that our party were all in the dug-out.'

"Looking at each of the party, I soon discovered that I had seen two of these men before. I took a seat on a pack-saddle, and looking around the dug-out—where were scattered saddles, bridles, mess-kits, etc.—my eyes caught sight of a saddle that I immediately recognized as having once belonged to a wagon-master, named 'Louis Simpson,' and had been stolen from him, some weeks before, at Deer Creek Station, while he and 'Frank McCarthy' were 'working' some benzine in the ranch. The two men whom I recognized had belonged to 'Simpson's gang,' but had run away with three or four of his mules; and report said that they had joined a band of stage-robbers and horse-thieves who made their home somewhere in the hills.

"Now I felt sure I had called at the wrong house, and how to get out of it was more than I could tell just at that moment. I was certain of one thing, and that was—that I would like to bid those gentlemen an affectionate 'good-by.' But to do so was easier said than done. I knew that I must not 'let on' that I recognized them, but supposed them to be trappers. It did not take me long to 'fumble' to this conclusion.

"The man who appeared to be the 'boss' of this outfit asked: 'Where is the rest of your party? Why don't they come in?'

"I told him no one was with me, and explained to him who I was, and what I was doing alone so far from the station, and asked them if they had heard my shot. They said no, as probably they were making so much noise in the cabin at the time, it was not likely they could hear a shot a half-mile off. It then occurred to me that I saw a way to get out of this scrape.

"Telling them that 'I had killed a bear, and hearing one of their horses whinny, supposed some Indians were close by, and had tied my horse in the brush, while I came to find out who my neighbors were, and on hearing their camp, found them to be not Indians, but trappers, and so made bold to call.'

"During this conversation I noticed that one and two of the party would go out together, and have a talk, with the excuse that they were getting wood, or looking after their horses. One man seemed to remain out all the time. At last they all came in.

"The man I was talking to asked me if ever I looked into a damp bottle? I told him I wouldn't mind getting on the outside of a little anklefoot, if he would parade a vial.' Then he produced a bottle that once had contained Log Cabin bitters, but now contained some of the worst benzine that I ever fopped my lips over. After taking a drink, I asked him if he had any objections to my staying over night with them. He said, 'I reckon not.'

"Said I: 'All right; I will go and bring my horse, and also bring you a piece of bear-meat.'

"Two of the men spoke up: 'No; you stay here, and we will go after your horse.'

"No—I will not put you to the trouble, I put in; and besides, you would not find him in an hour. I will go and be back in a few minutes.'

"They insisted on going, but I would not have it, and for good reasons: I wanted to get out of that hole in the mountains. So I finally said: 'Boys, I will leave my gun here, and I will be back shortly.'

"I disliked to leave 'Old Hawkins,' but, at the same time, I would willingly leave her, providing I could leave that gang also.

"My two accommodating friends then said they would go with me. Thinking 'two was better than nine,' I remarked: 'All right, boys; here we go, and we will bring back a good chunk of bear meat.' As I went past where 'Old Hawkins' stood, I took one last look at her, but did not offer to take her with me, as it might cause suspicion. I had a good 'Colt's revolver,' and a knife, so I was not so poorly armed, after all.

"Getting out in the dark it did not take me long to find the horse. Untying him, we started up the hill for the bear. With their assistance we soon had the fine fellow skinned. Throwing the skin across my saddle, and taking as much of the meat as we wanted, we started for camp. One of the men, who was holding the horse, proposed that he would lead him. So, starting ahead, it left me with only one man behind.

"I followed close behind the horse. I was carrying several pieces of the meat, as was also the man in my rear. As we were going up the creek, and every step was bringing me nearer to the outlaw's den, I realized that if I was going to do anything, no time was to be lost. So, letting a piece of the meat drop, I stopped, and asked the man behind me to pick it up, and as he was stooping to do so, quicker than a flash, I dealt him a blow on the back of his head with my revolver, that would have felled an ox. He fell without a groan. Wheeling, with my revolver cocked, I shot the man who had been leading my horse, as he was rushing back to see what was the matter. He fell in his tracks at the report of the pistol. Springing forward I caught my horse; throwing the bear-skin off the saddle, I mounted, and started down the creek, urging my horse to his utmost speed. I would have been all right had not my horse stumbled, and fell among the rocks, bruising us both in the fall.

"This took up most valuable time. I could hear the horse-thieves coming down the creek, shouting and swearing at every step. By the time I was mounted again, they were close upon me, and several bullets whistled close about my ears. The canyon became so rocky that I could hardly get my horse along, and I could see no way to get out of it, as the mountain on either side was so steep. My pursuers were now gaining on me fast, and I knew that to escape I must abandon my horse. So, starting him down the canyon with a good hit, to keep him going, I ran up the side of the mountain for a few yards, and got behind a boulder. I was hardly out of sight, when the whole gang came rushing down the canyon. I could still hear my horse making his way down the creek, and they heard him too; for they were hurrying each other forward, saying: 'There he goes! he can't get through the pass! we will catch him there!'

"After they passed me, I commenced to climb up the mountain, and after a while, I reached the top of the divide, between the two creeks. Then, taking down the divide, I made for the station, minus horse, gun and bear.

"About four o'clock A. M. I reached the station. I went at once to the driver's and pony rider's room, and awoke the boys, among whom was Frank McCarthy, Rob Scott, 'Nailer' Thompson, and several more of the old timers. I soon related to them what had happened. All were anxious to take a trip after the robbers, and as Slade was not at the station, I went and woke old Billy Powers, (chief stock tender), and told him we wanted nine horses, to go after horse-thieves.

"At daylight, fifteen men were on their way to the robbers' dug-out, on the side of the mountain. We reached the place where I got away from the two men. I did not know but what I might find the man I had shot there, but he was gone. There was blood on the ground, which proved that I had hit him.

"Now we dismounted, and cautiously approached the dug out. But, everything was as quiet as the grave, with the exception of several hungry wolves who skulked away at our approach. The dug-out was abandoned, and the careless way that things were left, showed that the outlaws had left in a hurry, and in the night—they feeling sure that I would return to the station and bring a party back to clear them out.

"Knowing that they had a good start of us, and were well mounted, and as several of our party had to be at the station soon, we did not follow them up. I found the place where they had overtaken my horse, and I could see by the tracks where they had taken him back to their dug-out. Of course they had taken him and Old Hawkins along with them.

"I found the bear skin, which I took back with me, had it tanned, and presented it to Ben Halliday.

"We heard no more of this party that winter. Two years after that, four men were hung at Virginia City, two of whom were of the dug-out gang. They told me that they remembered me very well, and would probably have killed me that night, had I refused to join them. The man whom I knocked on the head soon after recovered. The one I shot also got well, and was afterward hung at 'Platt's Ranch,' on the 'Sweetwater.' What became of the others I do not know; nor do I know what has become of all the old boys of the overland route. But, should any of them ever strike my trail, I should be pleased to see them. In the meantime I will, in a future serial, refresh their memories with some reminiscences of the Pony Express."

## Under the Surface:

OR,  
MURDER WILL OUT.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "MABEL VANE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUNCIL.

The day after the great event at the Academy was one that is remembered almost as vividly as the ball itself; for on the morning of that day, it is said, some fashionable young ladies and gentlemen slumbered later than on any previous occasion in the memory of man; that there were more headaches than ever before, and that never before were so many *blase*, entirely used-up people seen. And all on account of the ball, and the vigorous manner marking its enjoyment.

It is not handed down how late Clinton Craig slept that morning; but the faithful chronicler of the times records that Minerva Clayton, the



bank-president's daughter, did not make her appearance until the following morning.

With Fred Ashe, however, it was different. He was promptly in his office by half-past seven in the morning; and, strange to say, the first call he received was from old Albert Ray, the lumber-merchant, who gravely informed him that Alice was ill.

Dr. Ashe looked anxious and worried. Late on the night before, as he had said good-night to Alice, at her door, he had noticed that her hand was hot, dry and tremulous. The truth is, he somewhat expected the call this morning. But he answered cheerfully:

"Very good, Mr. Ray; I'll soon be there. I daresay it is nothing—over-fatigue, and," hesitatingly, "some little mental disquietude, perhaps. But I'll call, certainly, by nine o'clock."

When the old gentleman had gone, the physician strode uneasily up and down his office. There was a singular commingling of emotion on his face, mainly fear. An expression of anxiety—almost of fear—was blended with a frown, a real scowl. But his mind was soon diverted—patients dropping in one by one; for Fred Ashe was both skillful and popular. Young though he was, he was already almost worshipped as a "rising sun."

As those who needed his aid came in the young man's brow gradually cleared, the frown passed away, and the wonted words of cheer and encouragement fell from his lips.

Dr. Ashe was glad that his mind was, temporarily at least, turned into other channels. But at last his office was emptied. Glancing at the clock, he snatched his overcoat and hat, and turned to the door. It was half-past nine o'clock; and he had promised to be at Mr. Ray's, at Sixth and Vine, by nine! His hand was on the bolt, when the bell rung with a startling clamor. He opened the door and looked out.

"From Mr. Craig, sir," he said, handing a sealed envelope to the physician.

Fred Ashe tore open the letter, and hastily read it through. When he had finished it, a frown came over his face; and that frown grew darker as he spread out another sheet contained in the envelope, and perused it likewise. But folding the two hastily together, he cast them in a desk, and said to the messenger:

"Very good, Henry; tell Mr. Craig that 'tis all right."

The man bowed and left, while Dr. Ashe hurried at break-neck speed from his office, which was near the corner of Thirteenth and Arch streets.

The truth is—and this may account for his haste—despite her refusal of his proposal, and her confession of love for Clinton Craig, Alice Ray was still very dear, very close to Fred Ashe.

We will lay the notes which the physician had received before the reader, despite the fact that the young man had locked them in a desk. The first read thus:

"DEAR FRED:—I am writing this in bed. I am rather used-up this morning, and have no idea of turning out till the afternoon. I shall certainly take a good nap after sending you this. Well, Fred, I am afraid I am in trouble. That black villain (villain he is!) is in earnest about that affair of last night, which, upon my soul, I had forgotten. He has some ulterior motive in pushing the affair further. I suspect what it is; but it is so dark, so dastardly and treacherous, that I'll not write it. I'll tell you of it when you come. I would get out of the affair, just where it stands—considering my honor untarnished—were I allowed to; but the fellow will not thus be satisfied, though he was the aggressor. I am situated peculiarly and unpleasantly; I would not offend my adopted father; yet I am loth to balk this fellow, especially as he makes a half-apology to my manhood; ay! and the cur threatens me in case I refuse. Were I to follow the wicked inclinations of my heart, I would shoot the rascal on sight; but I will wait and talk with you. So come see me this evening. Don't disappoint me; I'll certainly expect you here."

"Yours in haste and half-asleep, C. C."

The other note ran as follows:

"CLINTON CRAIG, ESQ.:—I promised you a half-hour ago that you should hear from me again. I am not forgetful, and never break a promise. I hereby challenge you to mortal combat—the only mode to settle differences that is open to gentlemen; your social status places you in that category. I notify you thus early of my demand upon your time and pleasure, so that you may be prepared to receive my friend, who will call as soon as possible. I need not say that should you see fit to decline the proposed meeting, you can easily do so by informing your adopted father, my uncle, of the matter. Should you do so, I shall publish you as a coward, and slap your face in the streets. I take the liberty of showing this under your door at this, perhaps, unseasonable hour—three o'clock in the morning. Respectfully, etc., ALGERNON FLOYD."

We will follow Dr. Ashe.

At last turning up Sixth street, he was, in a few moments, on the steps of Mr. Ray's residence. He rung, and was admitted at once by the old gentleman himself, who was so anxious about his daughter, that he had not, as was his wont, gone to his lumber-yard, lying in the Richmond district.

"You are late, doctor—almost an hour behind time; and Alice is ill—worse than she was this morning."

The young physician hastily made his excuses, and entered the house. In a few moments he was stepping softly in the room of the sick girl; then he paused by the bedside. He laid his hand quickly upon the burning brow from which the golden tresses were swept back. Next, his finger sought the tell-tale pulse. A few questions rapidly put and answered, and the doctor wrote a hurried prescription.

"She talks wild at times, doctor," whispered the anxious father; "and she calls piteously for her poor dead mother! It makes me sad enough. Is she seriously ill, doctor, my friend?"

"She is ill, Mr. Ray; I never deceive. She is unconscious now; she has brain fever."

The physician spoke quietly; but it was in a deep, feeling voice.

"Good heaven!" groaned the old man, his iron nature giving away. "She is my all, doctor! my all in all. Oh! should she be taken from me!"

"Be calm, Mr. Ray; quiet yourself. I said she was ill. I did not say that there was immediate danger. I will watch her closely—very closely, sir; for"—stammering awkwardly—"I am much interested in your daughter."

Alice was indeed unconscious; she was delirious; her mind wandered; she mentioned a name.

Fred Ashe hastily led the old father from the room, and, closing the door, left the sufferer alone for a moment.

By this time, the messenger had returned with the medicine ordered. The doctor taking it, returned to the sick room. Slowly he placed a teaspoonful of the mixture between the poor girl's lips, and allowed it to trickle down her throat. He watched the effect with eager eyes. It was not immediate, and he administered another dose. Once more he waited and watched.

Soon the breathing became less hurried, a gentle perspiration appeared on the dry, hot forehead, the wild, incoherent mutterings ceased, and, turning on her side, the maiden sunk into a deep sleep.

As a happy, satisfied expression swept over his face, the doctor stole softly from the room. Leaving full directions, and promising to call again at noon, he left the house.

The day wore away, and the shades of another night settled over the snow-draped earth.

The bleak north wind was again trooping through the streets, and shaking the frozen branches of the leafless trees in the squares. Just above the canal-lock beyond the Schuylkill dam on the west bank of the river, stood at the time of which we write, a small hotel; it was not very reputable to say the least. It was a small, insignificant establishment, only two stories high, and with one or two outhouses attached. The rear door and windows looked directly on the black waters of the canal. The house was known by the name of the "Locks;" but we are particular that it must not be confounded with the present fine building standing on the same site, and bearing the same name. The "Locks" to which we refer was, one night in the winter of 1858, destroyed by fire.

In the barroom of this tavern, on the night to which our attention is directed, seated by a table on which stood a brandy-bottle and glasses, were two men. They were talking earnestly together, in a low, guarded tone. One of them had his right hand swathed in a bandage; and both were what might be emphatically termed rough-looking customers. They were clad in coarse, heavy garments, large water-proof coats, while their faces were partly concealed under wide slouched hats.

But the hand of one of these men—the taller—as he toyed with the common green glass tumbler, was white, soft, and evidently unaccustomed to labor.

"Drink, Jim," he said, with a lively rally; "twill do you good and raise your spirits; though, hang it! I must curse your stupid, blundering work."

The man addressed started.

"Stupid, Algy?" he repeated, as a darkling frown gathered on his brow. "I did my best. And let me tell you, you could have done no more. Then, too, if it hadn't been for the infernal snow under my boot-heel, I'd have brought a different report to you."

"I am sorry enough for it, Jim; for never again will there be such a chance. Now, we must hurry up the work, must carry out our plans. And if we succeed, why, Jim Walton will be a rich man in ten days!"

"True enough, but you, Algy? What will you be?" asked the other, covertly.

"Rich, too; richer than you, Jim; but then I will be more entitled to it, do you see?"

"Yes, yes; all true. But," and he lowered his voice as he glanced hastily around him, "suppose I were to tell tales?"

He glanced meaningfully at the other.

"Try it," replied his companion, in a husky whisper. "Ay! begin right here, and now! and see how far you'll go."

As he spoke, he half drew a short, heavy revolver from his pocket. The black muzzle of the weapon gleamed from Jim, while the tall man's right hand, concealed in the bosom of his rough overcoat, was upon the lightly set trigger.

No one in the room—and there were several—saw the movement, save the man for whom it was intended. The half-drunk *candlers*—as the boatmen were called—were otherwise engaged at this minute.

Jim covered back.

"I tell you, Jim Walton, take care," pursued the other; "or you'll some day get a dose that'll lay you up. Besides, were I inclined, I could tell something; my hand is on your throat. Why, man, I could hang you in an hour's time! Did I not see something in the woods back of Gloucester?"

"And I, did I not see Black Ben?"

"Enough, Jim—enough!" interrupted the other, hoarsely, and glancing meaningfully at his companion. "We have both seen, and we are square—with a little balance in my favor. We must not, shall not, quarrel."

The tall man was plainly inclined to a compromise; and Jim, already alarmed and nervous, was willing to acquiesce.

"All right, Algy," he answered, promptly. "We mustn't quarrel—as long as we are of use to one another! And now, Algy, as I have told you of my confounded slip-up, let me know a trifle of your doings."

"Agreed, and soon told; but the brandy is out. Let's have more. Your score this time, Jim, for I am out of tin."

"All right, Algy; I'm square," was the reply, as the rough fellow rapped on the table.

The summons was speedily obeyed, and the liquor supplied.

A long conversation, in a guarded undertone, ensued.

"Black Ben is a wicked chap to deal with, Algy; and the rascal keeps a sharp knife. He knows how to use it, too. My advice, if it's worth taking, is: keep out of his way, or shoot him in the back, some dark night."

Jim uttered these words very coolly.

"You are right, my friend. Well, perhaps I was wrong," he continued, after a slight pause, "that cold night, years ago; but the confounded she-devil! she—"

"I know all about it, Algy—I was there!" interrupted the other, softly. "But now, Algy, about this other business—this excursion on the river, eh? Yes—and that fracas with that rich chap at the ball?"

"'Tis all arranged. Heaven grant that the river will not freeze over for a week! As to the other affair, why, you will wait on that fancy fellow to-morrow. He shall fight. I have an engagement with that confounded old uncle of mine to-morrow evening. What he wants with me, the deuce only knows; I don't. But I'll be there when—Well, you know what; and I can report progress."

"Clinton Craig is a good shot, Algy! I have seen some of his fine work in the galleries."

"Good shot! Bosh! man, what am I! But, in your ear, Jim, Clinton Craig will never put trigger on me."

"I think I understand you, Algy. You are wise, too."

"Well, come; 'tis getting late. You have the letters and know what to do with them. Remain here until I am gone; then hurry to the old rendezvous. Good-night and good luck!"

He arose and left the tavern.

As soon as he stood without he hurried away in the direction of the wire bridge.

## CHAPTER XI.

### UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Algermon Floyd, calm and self-possessed, stood at the door of the library in his rich uncle's mansion. He rapped lightly. For a moment he waited; then a voice within bade him enter. He turned the bolt and walked boldly, almost defiantly, into the room.

Old Thompson Floyd was seated at the table; he was evidently nervous and disturbed; but at the same time, a firm expression hovered over his face. He started somewhat and eyed his nephew suspiciously as he entered. Then, at a glance, he measured the distance between his hand and the bell-cord on the wall. Next he flashed a look toward a half-open drawer in which lay a loaded pistol.

The young man stood quietly awaiting the old gentleman's pleasure.

"Good-morning, Algermon; be seated," said Mr. Floyd.

"Thank you, uncle," was the cold reply, as the speaker negligently flung himself into a chair at the further side of the room. "I am here, sir, in obedience to your request. I thought the present as good a time as this evening. If it be convenient, please tell me your wishes, and as soon as you can. I am busy this forenoon."

Algermon Floyd spoke very calmly.

"Ah!" ejaculated the uncle, with a half-grunt. "I promise not to keep you long; but I am glad that you say you have business. You should not have been idle so long."

These words were uttered harshly.

The young man felt them and their tone for though his face neither paled nor flushed, yet a menacing frown wrinkled his brow as he replied:

"That is no fault of mine, sir. I have endeavored, as you know, to obtain employment."

"Dishonorable! Nonsense, Algermon! No employment, no labor is dishonorable, provided it be honest. There are plenty of places for you in this great city, provided you will search for them. I must say I do not like the lazy, shiftless life that you are leading. Were I in your place, I would carry a hod rather than be dependent on any man for bread—even on an uncle!"

A hot, angry flush leaped to the young man's face as he replied:

"You are unnecessarily harsh, sir. Nature has made me your nephew. It strikes me that Clinton Craig, who is in nowise related to you, might take the same advice with profit. If I mistake not, that young gentleman has no employment."

These words were spoken with a haughty defiance which stung old Mr. Floyd to the quick.

"Clinton Craig!" he exclaimed, angrily. "He has no need of work."

"Nor I; that is, were I gifted with an uncle who cared half as much for his own flesh and blood as he does—"

"Enough, Algermon; enough! I may have been hasty. If so, forgive me. But you know not the debt I owe to Clinton Craig. Hold! do not interrupt me and I'll explain. His mother, poor woman, became seriously involved on my account; and then she lost, yes!—sacrificed her all."

"Ah! indeed," sneered Algermon. "Yet that does not appear to me to be sufficient reason for starving your own brother's son?"

"Starving you! nonsense, nephew. Have I not made enough provision for you in my will? When I began life, I had not one-tenth the amount that I have bequeathed to you."

"All right, uncle; but you have made this unknown fellow, Clinton Craig, a millionaire; while I know—because you have told me—that you have left me the paltry sum of two thousand dollars! Yet, I am your blood nephew!"

"I tell you, Algermon, you must keep that subject closed. My property is my own; and, confound it! my life is nearly tormented out of me by those who fancy that I have wronged you. I have simply disposed of my property as I saw fit."

He stamped his foot impatiently.

Algermon Floyd did not reply; he simply shrugged his shoulders and gazed at the ceiling.

"Why did not your father leave you something more than the barren legacies now in my keeping?" broke in the old man, hotly, seeing that the other was so indifferent; "those legacies: that flashy portrait hanging there, a dirk-knife and an old silk cord! Bah! Why did he leave such trash as this and nothing more for you?"

"To save my soul, I cannot say, sir," was the easy, impertinent answer. "I dare say my poor father gave me all that he possessed; he could do no more. Perhaps, after all, and there was a deep significance in his tones, 'those legacies, apparently so barren, may in the end produce fruit—bring me an inheritance!'"

He uttered these words quietly; but as he spoke their eyes glittered upon his uncle.

"What mean you, Algermon? and the old man looked at him keenly.

The young man pondered for a moment; then he answered:

"Why, I would dispose of those relics, with the exception of the portrait; that I value too highly to part with it. I would let the articles, with the exception mentioned, go to some curiosity-monger; I would let him their wonderful history. He might pay me for them, that which would prove of themselves a fortune; yes, and that before I feel heir to my lordly inheritance of two thousand dollars!"

The young man spoke scornfully.

"I wish you good luck in your speculation, Algermon," said the uncle, dryly. "But I hope you are not here simply for the sake of bandying words. I wished to see you with another purpose."

"And that purpose, sir?"

"To suggest to you to change your quarters," was the reply.

The young man started violently; he bit his lip to keep back the hasty reply upon his tongue. He said not a word, but fixed his eyes inquiringly upon the old man's face as if expecting more.

"You heard me, Algermon?" said Mr. Floyd, in a kinder tone; he knew that he had been unusually stern.

"I hear you, sir, and would listen further," was the quiet reply.

"Well, the fact is, Algermon, you stay out too late at nights; you bring strange company into my house, at very unseasonable hours, and—why, I do not fancy such a state of affairs."

The young man smiled scornfully as he answered:

"All of which can likewise be urged against Clinton Craig, uncle. But, sir, I listen still."

The old gentleman frowned.

"Keep Clinton Craig out of the question," he said, with some asperity. "I know his friends; but then he is—why he is my adopted son."

"And I am your nephew; that's just the difference between me and that supercilious young gentleman with the Auburn curls! Bah!"

"No more of this, Algermon! I'll not be insulted by you in my own house. Listen to me, nephew," and as he spoke he drew a portfolio toward him. "I have thought it right to tell you that I think it best for you to seek lodgings elsewhere. The fact is," and his voice was unmistakably stern, "I wish you to leave my house as soon as you can. We do not get along well together, Algermon, though it is no fault of my own that—"

"If I do not, uncle—Are you sure?" interrupted the other, with a cold smile, which showed his glittering teeth, sharp and wolf-like.

"I say it was no fault of mine, Algermon; but I'll not argue the point. Here; I have drawn you a check payable to bearer for two hundred and fifty dollars. Come to me once a quarter and I will give you a similar amount. You can, if so disposed, call and see me occasionally. Take the check, use the money judiciously, try to get into some employment; be saving and thrifty, and—"

"One day I'll be a rich man, eh, uncle?"

But very good, sir; I thank you from my heart, uncle."

He bent his head, and picked up the check which the old man had cast somewhat impatiently on the table. Then he moved toward the door. But he paused and looking back said, deeply:

"I suppose I may be allowed some day to return and take away my precious legacies. For the sake of my father, they are dear to me."

"Certainly, Algermon," answered the old gentleman, hastily, in a softened tone. "And, my boy, I will not hurry you; you can stay here the remainder of this week and move at your leisure."

"I shall never again sleep under this roof with you, uncle," was the quiet, firm reply.

"And, in your ear, sir; I ask no favors of you; my wants force me now to accept this paltry check; but henceforth and forever I would despise myself were I to accept anything at your hands. God willing, and man, we have spoken together for the last time. But—"

"What, Algermon? Do my—"

"But, sir, look for trouble; I am gifted with my father's nature; I forget not injuries from whatsoever source received, and—in a whisper—let Clinton Craig, the meddler, look to himself, sir!"

Old Mr. Floyd sprang to his feet and endeavored to stop the impetuous fellow; but Algermon slammed the door in his face and left the house.

The old man stood like one bereft of his senses, gazing blankly at the closed door. Slowly tottering back he sunk into his chair.

"What does he mean?" he gasped. "Is he mad? Does he threaten me? But," with a sigh of relief, "at all events, it is over now; and I breathe more freely. Ah! I feel faint!"

He arose and approached the locker to which a previous reference has been made. Having drunk from the vessels contained therein, he strode several times up and down the room.

"That blessed potion! that elixir of life!" he muttered, rubbing his hands together. "How it gives me nerve and strength. Yes, I am rejoiced that Algermon has gone. But I must not forget the occurrences of last night; I will notify the police this afternoon of the dastardly attempt on my life. Yes, yes," dreamily, "I am glad that Algermon has gone!"

When the discarded nephew reached the street his swarthy face was livid with passion.

"Cast off! insulted! spurned!" he hissed, with a bitter oath. "All's well; but, old man, you only fix me in my purpose! You but hasten the terrible end! Now I must look for Jim. Farewell, proud mansion—farewell for a season; we may become acquainted again in the lowering future, and—we'll see."

He shook his clenched hand defiantly at the stately residence and turned up the street.

He continued his rapid way toward the Schuylkill, without looking back once, and without heeding at all the bleak wind that was sweeping in from the west. Turning into Twenty-first street, he soon reached Market street, crossed the long covered bridge, and took his way up the left bank of the river toward the canal locks.

That day about two o'clock a furniture wagon drove up to the Floyd mansion and took away Algermon's effects. No one asked where the young man had found lodgings, for no one cared to know.

The day wore away, and still old Thompson Floyd moved not from his library. Paper after paper he had, that day, examined, and rearranged. When old Barton, the ancient body-servant, came to summon him to dinner, Mr. Floyd put him rudely off.

Still the old merchant delved into his safe, and fished out document after document. It was nearly five o'clock when he closed the ponderous iron cover of the safe, and leaned back in his chair.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured. "I have looked over them all again; they are all there. Will I live another five years to do the work again? But now my dear boy can, must—"

"Hat comes in!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a rap fell on the panel.

The door opened and old Barton entered with a note.

"A man brought this, sir," he ejaculated, somewhat hastily. "He said they were waiting for you, and were in a hurry, sir."

"They! waiting! But the letter."

Mr. Floyd took the missive, opened it and read it through. His brow wrinkled into an uneasy, vexed frown.

"Always trouble! and nothing can be done without me!" he muttered. "And I don't think the water such a cold night as this— But I must go, or Miller will do nothing."

"Certainly, sir, I hope you're not going out to-night, in such bitter weather as this!" said old Barton, solicitously.

"I must, Barton; business calls me out. To the mills of course, and— But I'll not be back until to-morrow, Barton. I'll not expose myself by returning to-night. My rubbers and overcoat, Barton; then tell the man to wait."

Ten minutes later, old Thompson Floyd, thin, debilitated old man that he was, left his door and entered the street. He cast his eyes toward the red sky, and the sun fast sinking in the west, wrapped his overcoat shiveringly around him, and followed by a rough-looking man who was waiting for him, strode briskly up the street, taking his way toward the Schuylkill.

He had been gone only a few minutes when the bell at the mansion sounded.

Old Barton opened the door.

A short, humpbacked, coarse-looking fellow, his face almost invisible under a wide wool hat, stood there.

"Mr. Floyd left his memorandum-book on the table," he said, flashing a quick, covert glance at the old domestic. "I know the room, and I'll run up and fetch the book," and he pushed by.

Old Barton stared, but said:

"All right; up at the head of the stairs, and—why, I daresay you can find your way out."

Rubbing his chilled hands, the old servant retreated to the warm kitchen to the rear.

The man ascended the stairs. When he was once within the library, he glanced hastily about him, and gently closed the door, thus shutting out any prying eyes. Then he placed his ear to the keyhole and listened patiently for a moment. All was quiet.

Springing lightly upon a chair, the fellow took down the portrait of Lieutenant Kimbly Floyd, quickly detached the long silken cord, placed it in his bosom, and with a common stout twine swung the portrait back into its old place on the wall.

He sprang to the floor, opened the door, and, assuming his old gait and deportment, shuffled down-stairs, and left the house, closing the front door with a noisy bang.

"I've got it!" he muttered. "Now we'll see if it has lost its charm!"

With a low, malicious chuckle, he strode rapidly away in the gathering gloom.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

## THE LITTLE SEEKER

A NURSERY RHYME.

BY JOHN GOSSEP.

Have you heard of the little girl, I wonder,  
Who made such a great (for a little girl) blunder?

I cannot tell you when nor where the blunder  
Came about,  
But it seems this little girl one day thought she  
Would wander out

Across the fields and o'er the hills to find a four-  
Leaved clover;



father—who stands beside the fair owner of the old chateau, her contented husband.

Two years have passed since the foggy night in England when the detective failed to arrest his lovers as they should flee across the Channel. Ethan Goldborough had a double object in bringing his daughter back to London—first, to further torment her long-suffering mother; and second and most important, to bring forward her claims against the great estates of Sir Israel Benjamin, deceased. As the lawful wife of the baronet, her share of his possessions would be large; she, not being of age, would be controlled by her father, and he would reap a rich harvest out of his devilish plotting and scheming, which had dragged back to London the death. Violet was dragged back to London and restored to Mr. Goldborough by the officers. Charlie went on to Paris with his wonderful good news, which was, with due caution, imparted to Madame D'Eglantine, and had the magic effect to restore her to health—for "joy seldom kills."

Violet persistently, obstinately refused to have or touch a pound or a penny of Sir Israel's money. Her father, finding that the baronet's relatives were determined to make a desperate fight—to ferret out all the circumstances of the marriage, and even to accuse him of foul play—threatening to make him prove before an English jury that he did not connive at Sir Israel's death—concluded that it would be wiser to compromise with them.

They, on their part, were glad to have the wife and her father sign off from all future claim, for the sum of ten thousand pounds. With this in his pocket, Ethan Goldborough sent Violet back to her mother, with an insulting message, and the declaration—which they were only too happy to hear—that "he washed his hands of them forever."

The desperate man made no attempt to return to America to look after his daughter Florence. Perhaps he intended it—for he still loved her with a passionate, blind, animal fidelity—but he attempted to reach the United States by way of the gambling-hells of the Continent.

"Demme, I'll double my snug little fortune, for Florence's sake!" he resolved—and attempted zealously to do it.

In other words, he became a confirmed gambler—losing and gaining—losing and gaining—but always averaging more loss than gain; and unable to tear himself away from the perilous fascination; until, not more than a twelve-month from the time of his return to the various spas where he could indulge his passion—play being then forbidden in Baden-Baden, where he began it—he found himself penniless, friendless, stricken with disease of mind and body, gnawed by memory, deserted by hope—and blew out his brains in the presence of the stolid croupier who had raked in his last kreutzer.

Long before this catastrophe, Madame D'Eglantine had gone to America, at Violet's earnest request, to look after Florence; for Charlie had confided to them her poor prospects of happiness with the man of pleasure she had so rashly married.

Mr. Rhodes chanced again to be their companion *du voyage* on the way to New York. The reader may infer how it still further increased the warmth of their friendship to find that he had befriended Florence, as well as spent two nights in prison on Violet's account. His discovery that the beautiful, imprudent girl he had sheltered and protected was the very one whom they were in search of, came about very simply when they were all talking together. Of course, he gave them Fraser Harold's address—or that of his family—and to their house, Violet and her mother went at once after resting one night from the fatigues of the voyage.

They found the family in deep mourning—heard, with a fresh shock, the news of Fraser's death and the manner of it; scarcely recognizing, at first glance, the pale, quiet, broken-hearted little lady, in widow's weeds, as Florence.

"Oh, take me with you, Madame D'Eglantine," she pleaded, her pride all broken down, "Mr. Vernon and Violet, Charlie and even you, seem so much nearer to me than these do. They are kind, but they are cold as ice; I know from their manner they feel that I am in some way to blame for their son's death. I used to be jealous of you, Violet," she added, looking pitiously at her fair half-sister, "I was hateful to you, willful, vain, spoiled. Now I am only a poor, broken-hearted woman, whose faults, I hope, are buried in her husband's grave," and the tears stole down her wan cheeks.

"You are my sister, by blood and by affection," answered Violet, weeping with her. "We will love you and cherish you, as never sister was loved and cared for. Mamma, she said Florence go home with us—we be your child as much as I am!"

"Yes," said Madame D'Eglantine—and so it was.

They passed the remainder of the winter in New York, having delightful apartments, their business cared for by Mr. Vernon, and Charlie being scarcely a more constant visitor than Redmond Rhodes.

In June they went to France to remain, Madame's vast estates there requiring her and her agent's personal supervision. Violet and Charlie were engaged before they parted, with the understanding that Violet was to spend a year at a celebrated *posidon*, in Paris, while her mother was refitting and refurbishing the old family chateau by the sea.

It could not really be a regret to the family when they heard of the miserable end of their persecutor; though Florence did mourn for a father who had never shown her any but his good qualities.

The esteem and confidence which had grown up between Mr. Vernon and his client, finally culminated in marriage; which delighted Violet and made her, as she declared, "the happiest girl in the world."

And now her own wedding-day is but a few hours off!

She sits by her lover's side, while the golden rays of the setting sun pierce the quaint diamond pane, laden-framed, of the drawing-room windows, and her eyes, falling before the fire of Charlie's gaze, dreamily follow the tracing of the fading, but exquisite needlework of the silken tapestries upon the wall.

All are happy except poor, desolate Florence.

She paces the stone terrace, looking off wistfully over the blue sea, where the sun has disappeared. The flowers, the tapers, the music, the feasting, the sight of the bride-elect in her fairness, vex the poor little soul of one who is not yet made perfect through suffering—though her character is vastly improved.

She thinks of her own brief courtship under the June moonlight—of her rash marriage—her brief joy—her bitter, overwhelming sorrow. Of the monotony of her life here, where she is loved, petted, cared for by kind friends, but where all is to her—so monotonous so little like the life of active joy and triumph her nature craves.

It seems to her as if she could never go back into the house and wish them happiness, while she is so sad and lonely. She stops in her slow walk, turns her face to the illimitable sea, and cries out, with a passionate sob:

"Oh, how forlorn! how forlorn!"

"Mrs. Harold—Florence!" speaks a deep, tender, trembling voice, "my darling! you shall be forlorn no more, unless it be from your own choice."

She turns, and by her side stands Redmond Rhodes. In all the stateliness of his middle age, and his natural reserve, he stands there, so tall that her head only reaches to his heart; but his eyes shine down upon hers with a will that she has no power to resist; she allows him to take and keep her trembling hand; and to bend and press on her purple hair a lover's kiss.

"I have loved you, little one," he said, "ever since the night when I washed the wrinkles from your child-forehead. I came back from Newport, that night in the long ago, to tell you so. I found Fraser Harold before me, and I gave you up. I have waited patiently, a good while; and now I want you to answer me at once, if I may have you?"

"With all my faults!" sobbed Florence, humbly.

"Yes, darling, with all your faults. I would not wish you to be perfect."

"You are very good and wise, Mr. Rhodes. I dare say you will make a better girl of me."

"When may I begin my attempts to reform you, sweet? To-morrow? Remember, I am not a boy, and I have waited two years."

There was much demurring, and much argument, as they walked up and down the gray terrace, in sight of the twilight sea, quite oblivious of the banquet which was waiting; but the master carried his point at last, and on the morrow there was a double wedding.

THE END.

### THE THREE STUDENTS.

From the German of Uhland.

BY HENRI MONTCALEM.

Three students, crossing the Rhine once more, Turned them in at a tavern door.

"Good housewife, hast thou good wine and beer? And is your pretty daughter here?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear. My daughter lies upon her bier."

Slowly they climbed the narrow stair, And saw the maid in her coffin there.

Gently the first drew the veil from its place, And sadly gazed on the beautiful face.

"Ah! wert thou yet alive, fair maid, I would love thee from this time forth," he said.

The second covered her face again, And turned aside with bitter pain.

"Alas! that thou liest on thy bier! These whom I've loved for many a year."

The third drew back once more the veil, And stooped to kiss the lips so pale.

"These loved I ever, these love I to-day, And these will I still love dear away."

### Mr. Arthur Leroy.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Kitty's mother kept an Eighth street boarding-house—mostly clerks and business men for boarders, only two or three ladies—and Kitty was a pretty, willful, spoiled little thing who always had her own way, and was quite used to admiration from the young men boarders.

But she did not seem to care much for it, till Mr. Arthur Leroy came, and then he was so handsome, and such a gentleman, what girl could resist him? Not Kitty, who had fallen half-way in love with his golden-wavy hair and magnificent mustache the very first time she saw him.

To be sure he was only a clerk now—but then, you see, he said he was son of one of the richest bankers in the city, and had had a falling out with his father and left home till the old gentleman got in a good humor. But, bless you, that was sure to be soon, and then he should give up clerking and go home again!

He made himself agreeable, and Kitty's mother and the lady boarders liked him almost as well as Kitty did. But Mr. Bailey, a sober, respectable bachelor boarder, had seen the young fellow in company which was questionable, at the very least, and he did not like Mr. Leroy very much—for reasons best known to himself.

So when he saw how attentive to Kitty Mr. Leroy was, he just called the attention of Kitty's mother to matters, and then Miss Kitty got a talking to.

"If he is as rich as he says," said Kitty's mother, "why, he doesn't mean anything. Gentlemen in his position don't stoop to girls in yours, except for amusement. I s'pose you don't want to be made a fool of, Kitty?"

"I'd like to see the man who would try it!" bridled Miss Kitty, tossing her pretty head, impatiently.

"Then you let Mr. Arthur Leroy alone," said her mother. "He's not for you, whoever he is. And Mr. Bailey don't think he's quite what he claims to be."

"And Mr. Bailey is a meddling old fool!" cried Kitty, glad of somebody to vent her spite on. And after her mother was gone she cried a little, just for pure anger, and took Mr. Arthur Leroy's photograph from her pocket—yes, indeed! affairs were gone as far as that!—and whispered to it that he was "for her," because he had told her so many a time.

And so, instead of heeding advice, she went on walking and talking with Mr. Leroy; and once when they were riding he took her past a grand stone-front, up-town mansion, and told her that it was his father's house, and when his father died would be his, and he would take his little wife there to live.

And by this time foolish little Kitty had promised to be his wife as soon as he had made friends with his father, and after that she used to pass the stone-front in her walks alone, and look up at it and imagine how she would do when she lived there, and even selected, from the outside, the room which was to be hers.

Poor, pretty, foolish little Kitty!

One day there was a great commotion at Kitty's mother's. A burglar had entered the house and taken seven hundred dollars and some valuable pieces of jewelry, heirlooms in his family, from Mr. Bailey's room, and a hundred dollars from Miss Lawrence, the music-teacher.

Nobody had seen or heard a thing in the night, but a back window opening upon a porch roof was raised and the shutters loosened, so the must have come in that way.

Mr. Bailey took his loss very coolly, only saying he should put a skilled detective on the track that very day. But poor Miss Lawrence grieved greatly, for it was money which she saved to pay a visit to her parents with, and it was a severe disappointment to her.

But Mr. Bailey comforted her, telling her he thought perhaps her money could be recovered with his own.

Kitty was sorry for Miss Lawrence, but she wouldn't waste any pity on Mr. Bailey.

"Serves him right for being so hard on Arthur!" she said.

But she was more sympathizing when Mr. Arthur Leroy himself came down to dinner looking very grave, and asked Mr. Bailey if he had found a good detective.

"I did, sir," said Mr. Bailey.

"Do you think you can trust him to recover the lost articles?" asked Mr. Leroy.

"I think I can, if it can be done."

"Then, sir, would you oblige me with his name and address?"

"Have you lost anything?" was the question from two of three.

Upon which Mr. Arthur Leroy said he had lost a valuable diamond ring, but had not missed it until just before dinner. It was a ring they had all seen him wear, which he valued because it was a birthday gift—his last at home—from his father, he said, and he could not bear to lose it. He felt as if he must recover it, he added, and wanted to employ Mr. Bailey's detective. Mr. Bailey kindly gave him the name and address, and offered to go with him to call upon the officer, but Mr. Arthur Leroy would not put him to that trouble, and so—if he went at all—he went alone.

They all kept on the watch for the burglar for the next few nights, and Miss Morley, the other lady boarder, was so afraid that she would not sleep alone, but got Kitty to sleep with her. The burglar, however, did not come again, neither was anything heard from the lost money and jewels.

One day Miss Morley received a present from her brother in California, of a very elegant watch and chain, and a pair of heavy bracelets.

She brought them down to the dinner table and showed them to all the rest in great delight.

"It's a good thing you didn't have them when our friend, Mr. Burglar, was here, Miss Morley, or you would be sure not to have them now," said Mr. Arthur Leroy, laughingly.

"Isn't it, though?" said Miss Morley. "I shall keep them locked in my bureau, and be almost afraid to wear them for fear of some such rascal seeing them. I do believe it would break my heart to lose them."

"I don't think I will venture in the same place again," said Mr. Leroy.

"No, I suppose not," said Miss Morley.

Little Kitty said nothing, but she kept a busy thinking about the burglar, and wishing at last that he had not taken Arthur's ring.

Kitty was very much engaged making a new dress, and that very afternoon, while her mother was absent and all the boarders away at their work, she was fitting the basque.

Now it's a very important piece of business, as every lady knows, to fit a basque on one's self. Kitty turned around and about, but her glass was too small to see well by, and she thought of the large one on the bureau in Miss Morley's room.

Gathering up her dress, she ran across the hall to Miss Morley's room, with only her skirts and the basque without sleeves on, and stood before the glass, observing the fit of every seam, when she heard some one coming toward the door. Miss Morley stayed in a lace store, and business hours were not over, so it couldn't be her.

"I wouldn't run if it was," said Kitty, "but it may be some stranger to call on her. I can't be caught this way! Where shall I hide? Oh, the closet!"

She darted into the closet where Miss Morley's dresses hung, holding the door a tiny crack ajar, so as to see who came in. The door of the room cautiously opened—some one peeped in—then walked boldly inside, closed and locked the door.

And to Kitty's intense amazement and terror it was—Mr. Arthur Leroy!

"He's mistaken his room," she thought, "he'll go out directly. What made him do it?" But Mr. Leroy had not mistaken the room, and he knew "what made him do it," for he walked straight to Miss Morley's bureau, and while Kitty stood watching, feeling as if she were slowly turning to stone, he opened the drawer with a key he took from his pocket, lifted Miss Morley's watch and chain and bracelets from their case, and put them in his breast pocket.

Was it a cruel joke? No. Kitty understood all in a flash. She was generally a cowardly little thing, but she was not a coward now.

Forgetting all about her white petticoat and bare arms, forgetting that she was alone in the house with a desperate man, she opened the closet door, walked out, and, white and cold, with gleaming eyes and hard, stony voice, she confronted the man she had loved.

"Arthur!"

He turned as if thunderstruck.

"Good God! Kitty!" he cried, so utterly stricken with astonishment he could say nothing else.

"Yes, Kitty!" she repeated, in the same cold, hard tone. "Arthur, I have seen all. I know all. But I have loved you, and I cannot see you punished in a prison-cell. Put back Miss Morley's things, restore what you took from Miss Lawrence and Mr. Bailey, and leave the house forever, and I swear to you I will never, while I live, breathe to a single soul that I have seen and know. Will you do it?"

"Why, I could strike you dead!" cried Mr. Arthur Leroy, making one effort to recover himself.

"I know you could, but you will not. You have harmed me enough already," said Kitty, calmly, for just at that moment she felt neither fear nor anything else.

"I give you this chance," continued Kitty. "Put back the things, go, and I will never tell while I live. Will you?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Leroy, compelled by an irresistible power to obey the slight, helpless young thing before him, whom he could have crushed with one hand.

He put his turned back into the drawer, closed it, turned slowly and went out of the room, and Kitty stood, stiff as stone-like, till his step rung through the front hall and out of the door.

Then the poor, heart-broken, frightened child escaped to her own chamber and felt fainting on the floor.

When her mother returned she found her dressed, but lying down with a sick-headache, which was not a feigned one by any means.

The good mother fussed over her pet a little, and then went down to get supper. After it was over she came up bringing a cup of tea and a bit of news.

"Well, Mr. Leroy has gone," she said. "He told us at supper that his father had sent for him to come home, and he took all his traps and went. You see, Kitty, I told you how it would be. He never even left a good-bye for you."

"It doesn't matter," moaned Kitty, turning on her pillow, where she lay with a brain-fever many a long day.

And while she was sick the oddest thing happened! Mr. Bailey's money and jewels and Miss Lawrence's money were returned! No

clue could be found as to how, but they were all in a package which the detective found on his table one morning, directed to Mr. John Bailey.

Kitty thought she knew something about it, but she never dropped a word, and she never heard of Mr. Arthur Leroy again.

But once, the next summer, when she was walking with Mr. Bailey, a few weeks after their marriage, they passed the stone-front mansion, and Kitty asked Mr. Bailey if he knew who lived there.

He said he did, and gave the name of a prominent merchant.

"I thought it was a banker's house," said Kitty.

"No, it has belonged to the same family a great many years," said Mr. Bailey, and Kitty was not surprised.

Nor was she when she asked if there was a prominent banker by the name of Leroy and he told her he was sure there was not and never had been, for she felt certain that Mr. Arthur Leroy was a deception all through.

### Endurance of Mustangs.

JOHN C. FREMONT'S GREAT RIDE OF EIGHT HUNDRED MILES IN EIGHT DAYS.

THE mustang race in New York, in which a rider proposed to ride 305 miles in fifteen hours, and failed from exhaustion, recalls the great ride of Fremont in 1847. The story of this ride is retold as follows:

It was at daybreak on the morning of the twenty-second of March, 1847, that the party set out for La Ciudad de Los Angeles (the City of the Angels), in the southern part of Upper California, to proceed in the shortest time to Monterey, on the Pacific coast, distant full 400 miles.

The way is over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited, with no other road than a track and many defiles to pass, particularly the maritime defile of El Rincon or Punto Gardo, fifteen miles in extent, made by the falling of a precipitous mountain into the sea, and which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and then in many places through the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and occasional ranches, are the principal inhabited places on the route. Each of the party had three horses—nine in all—to take their turns under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required some attention to keep them to the track. When wanted for a change, say at the distance of twenty miles, they were caught by a lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or the servant Jacob.

None of the horses were shod, that being unknown to the Californians. The usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran 125 miles, passing the San Fernando mountain, the defile of the Rincon and several other mountains, and slept at the hospitable ranch of Don Thomas Robberis, beyond the town of Santa Barbara. The only fatigue complained of in this day's ride was in Jacob's right arm, made tired by throwing the lasso, and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses to the track. The next day they made another 125 miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the California battalion, on Christmas day, 1846, amid a raging tempest, and a deluge of rain and cold, more killing than that of the Sierra Nevada, that day of severest suffering, say Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed.

At sunset the party stopped to sup with the friendly Captain Dana, and at nine at night San Luis Obispo was reached. Here the mustangs from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added to the party to assist in managing the loose horses.

Proceeding at the usual gait till eight o'clock at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus became fatigued and proposed a halt for a few hours. It was in the valley of the Salinas and the haunt of marauding Indians. For safety during their repose the party turned off the track, issued through a canyon into the thick wood and laid down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was half-way between midnight and day when the sleepers were aroused by an stampede among the horses and the calls of the boy. The cause of the alarm was soon found—not Indians, but white bears, this valley being their great resort and the place where Colonel Fremont and thirty-five of his men encountered some hundreds of them the summer before, killing thirty upon the ground.

The character of these bears is well known, and the bravest hunters do not like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. On discovering the enemy, Colonel Fremont felt for his pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to be still, saying that "People could scare bears," and immediately hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off also, and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak, when the journey was resumed, eighty miles, and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey.

The next day, in the afternoon, the party set out on their return, and the two horses rode by Colonel Fremont from San Luis Obispo being a present to him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) desired to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, one a year younger than the other. The elder was to be taken for the trial, and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey—the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder cano was again under the saddle for Colonel Fremont, and for ninety miles he carried him without a change and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that the cano could do it, and so said the horse by his looks and action. But Colonel Fremont would not put him to the trial, and shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider. He did so, immediately taking the lead and keeping it all the way, and entering San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the air and neighing with exultation at his return to his native pastures, his younger brother all the time at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his bit and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made the 120 miles each that day (after thirty the evening before).

After a hospitable detention of another half a day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles on the same nine horses, which they had rode from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up—namely, at the rate of 125 miles a

day. On this ride the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley, but these horses—meaning those trained and domesticated as the canals were—eat almost anything of vegetable food, or even drink, their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed and rarely sold. Bread, fruit, sugar, coffee, and even wine (like the Persian horses), they take from the hand of their master, and obey with like docility his slightest intimation. A tap of the whip on the saddle springs them into action; the check of a thread rein (on the Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopping short at speed they do not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on everything—man, beast or weapon—on which their master directs them. This description, so far as conduct and behavior are concerned, of course only applies to the trained and domesticated horse.

### Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

#### THE CHAMPIONSHIP CAMPAIGN.

Now that we are nearing the close of the first championship campaign of the League Association, a comparison with the results of previous seasons' play in the championship arena will not be uninteresting, and below we give a resume of the championship records from 1871 to 1876 inclusive. First in the list will be found the total scores of the three leading nines of each season, and then the total scores of the clubs, in their games with each other, which are now in the League Association. Thus on the record of 1871 will be found the totals of the Athletic, Boston and Chicago clubs, the three leading clubs of that year; as also that of the Athletic, Boston, Chicago and Mutual nines of 1871 in their games with each other.

1871.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1872.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1873.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1874.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1875.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1876.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1877.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1878.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39

1879.			
Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic.	33	7	40
Boston.	33	10	43
Chicago.	30	9	39



## RURAL LOVE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Oats so pleasant just to see  
Her agricultural smile  
On the smooth meadow of her face,  
Which shows such tender soil.

Indeed I'm earnestly inclined,  
Though I do so with dread,  
To tell the charming maid the thoughts  
Which I have husbanded.

Hoe, hoe, my maid, lend me your ear!  
A tender love I tell,  
And into rhyme that love I weave,  
Forgive if I weep-til.

I'm no wise-acre, but I know  
My heart is like a barn  
Filled full of tender hopes for you—  
Yes, I acknowledge the corn.

No separator or could say  
Arose my heart from you,  
Through time all my affection runs  
Straight as a furrow true.

Your frown it would de-straw my hopes,  
And wheat that would not be;  
My crop of joy would all be cropped  
If you should turn from me.

My whole life then would go a-rye,  
And weeds I would put on;  
'T would harrow me against the grain,  
And life to waste would turn.

My hopes would very sickly grow;  
My heart would be no more;  
I'd stab myself with a reaping-machine,  
And then would be no more.

## Yankee Boys in Ceylon:

OR,

## THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

## III.—HUNTING THE WILD HOG.

They did not stay long in Colombo, the main port of that coast—first, because the place did not afford good anchorage; and second, because their taste of the excitement of hunting life in Ceylon had made them anxious for more of the same sort. In Colombo they purchased needed supplies, and selected a man as companion for "Pete," whom that worthy recommended as equal to himself in knowledge of the country in which they proposed to hunt. Then they bought horses, each taking a spare one, in case one should be disabled in any way. The spare horses carried the supplies, for they did not care to engage coolies until forced to do so by the character of the country through which they must pass.

It took about three days to fit out, and at the end of that time the young men, only accompanied by Dave Sawyer, left the town, after ordering the first mate to take the schooner to Point de Galle, there to remain for thirty days. They rode out upon the beautiful road which the English troops had made in the direction of the province of Kandy, where lay the best hunting grounds. All along the route, as they rode, they saw evidences of the primitive character of this peculiar people, who were then preparing the rice-fields for planting, using a wooden plow, which did little more than scratch the surface of the earth. This plow, with one handle, was drawn by a pair of tame buffaloes, looking little like the ferocious brutes which the boys had encountered upon their first day's hunt.

The coolies leaving their services as the party passed, leaving their work for the purpose, and would have left the cattle in the furrow if the American sahibs would employ them; but the young men refused all offers of service, preferring to employ the help they wanted when they reached the province of Kandy.

They rode thirty miles, that day, and made their quarters in a Cingalese village. The head man, who understood the English language, invited the party to tarry for a day, for a "pig" hunt—a sport which Captain Sawyer well understood and delighted in; so, of course, he pressed the boys to stay, promising them noble sport. They were only too willing to accept the invitation, and spent half the night in making their preparations. As they did not understand the use of the bear-spear, the young hunters preferred to use their rifles.

At early morning they rode out of the village, accompanied by a crowd of natives on foot, to act as beaters. The head man had two dogs, rough, ungainly-looking creatures, but as it afterward proved, like the traditional "singat cat," better than they looked. They sneaked on behind the horses, villainous in appearance, but when once upon the hunting-ground their demeanor changed; they struggled with the leashes in which they were held, and were wild to get at the game. It was a ride of four miles, through a broken country, somewhat resembling the foothills of California. The beaters made a circuit, holding long bamboo poles in their hands with which they thrashed the bushes, driving before them all the game within the circuit.

"Now, my boys," called out Sawyer, "let me tell you it is no boy's play to hunt the Ceylon bear. They are tough customers, and one rip of their tusks will kill a horse on the spot. I've had many a tussle with them, and I'd sooner fight an elephant. Aim well, and then get out of the way when they charge."

The bushes were now crashing under the rush of the coming game, as the shouts of the beaters were heard, and then there broke from cover a drove of wild hogs of such ferocious aspect that the boys were startled. Huge, gaunt, with long, erect bristles, their great tusks gleaming white from their open jaws, and their small eyes sparkling with malignity, as they came plunging down the rugged hill directly toward the spot where the hunters stood, they were indeed "ugly customers."

"Forward!" cried the captain. "Let them have it."

Will made one leap from the saddle to the top of a great boulder nearly six feet high, calling to his gun-bearer to take his horse. From this secure eminence the lad sent a bullet into the shoulder of a huge beast which charged him, and although the bear staggered he kept on, with his malignant eyes fixed upon the boy on the rock. Hearing against it, he placed his fore feet upon the edge of the rock, and made furious attempts to leap up. But Will stood there, confident and serene, and let fly three balls in close succession, aiming at the exposed throat of the fearful beast. The last shot did the business, and the brute dropped, with a crash which shook the soil.

"Done for!" cried Will. "Now to see what the others are doing."

He looked over the rough field. A strange and wild panorama was spread out before him. The Cingalese had scattered in every direction to get out of the reach of the rushing drove. Sawyer, careless of danger, had charged one of the largest of the drove, bear-spear in hand. Aided by the furious charge, the bear turned and fled, but after him rode the captain, with his spear at his hip, ready for a blow. The natives scrambled over the crest of the hill together,

the bear only a little in advance of the horseman, who was riding at a furious pace. The next moment they were out of sight. Will then looked back.

Richard's first shot had been fortunate and the pig at which he aimed was down, rolling over and over upon the earth in the agonies of death. Dropping his gun into the extended hand of his bearer, he caught a bear-spear from another, and rode at a second animal, which, scattering the natives before him, came charging down the slope. Dick went after him at a mad gallop, with a wild cheer of delight, and was soon close upon his savage-looking game. The hog, with an ugly grunt, turned upon the horseman, and charged him furiously. Before Richard could pull in the enraged creature was under his horse, and, lifting his huge head, struck the noble animal underneath.

One who has never witnessed the effect of such a blow can have no idea of the power of the bear. The horse gave a convulsive leap and bounded away, almost disemboweled by the blow, his blood pouring out at every stride. Dick had buried his spear twice in the body of the bear, but his vital parts had been beneath the body of the horse, and although the keen spear had passed through his body twice it seemed to have no other effect than to render the hog doubly furious with rage; he rushed upon the wounded horse, which, frantic with pain, had dashed away. The poor beast was staggering weakly, his blood pouring from the gaping wounds. Dick saw that, if he kept the saddle, he must fall with the horse, when he would be entirely at the mercy of the hog, if he should be injured or hampered in any way. Behind him thundered the bear, gaining upon him at every step; he loosened his feet in the stirrups and sprang suddenly to the earth.

In his school days, Richard had been a famous runner, and if he ever needed to put forth all his powers, now was the time; and he set to work in a way which showed that he was in earnest.

Supposing that the bear would stop to vent his rage upon the horse, he found himself much mistaken, for the small blazing eyes were fixed upon him manfully; the bear would not even look at the staggering horse, but pursued the young man. Richard ran for a hundred yards, thinking to gain on the pursuer; but, looking over his shoulder, he discovered that the bear was close upon him, and gaining at every jump.

Something must be done, and that quickly. He put forth all his energies to see if he was in any way the equal of the hog, but the effort was useless. Whirling suddenly, he leaped into the air, and the "pig" passed under him at full speed. So furious was his pace, that for the moment the animal could not stop to smell, and Richard had gained fifty feet in another direction before the bear was again in pursuit. Will was on the rock, far out of reach. Ned had trouble enough of his own to attend to, Captain Sawyer was out of sight, and the Cingalese were not the men to thrust themselves forward in an hour like this. "Pete" would have given him aid, but just then he was engaged in trying to save Ned, who was in an awkward position. Take it altogether there was no hope for aid from any one, and Richard felt that he must depend upon himself.

"I will run no further," he thought, grasping his spear firmly. "Live or die, I will end it here."

He loosened his knife in its sheath, grasped his spear, and dropped upon his knee, with the shaft of the spear firmly planted against a stone. The bear, the blood and foam dropping from his distended jaws, sprang at him. Richard lowered the point of the spear so that it struck the animal full in the breast, and two thirds of the length of the stout spear was buried in his body. The shock overthrew the young hunter, but, as he sprung up, knife in hand, the huge brute lay dead at his feet, with the spear buried in his heart. He started up, uttering a shout of triumph, but casting his eyes about him beheld the great peril of his brother Edward. Drawing the spear from the body of the slain beast, Dick ran to the rescue.

Ned was in danger, indeed. Like his older brother, he had fired at one of the pigs, and brought him to the earth; then, seizing a spear, he set off after another. More successful than Richard, he had planted the spear in the back of the game, when the hog gave a leap which dragged him out of the saddle, and he actually alighted astride of the huge animal.

Still grasping the spear, he clung to it with the tenacity of terror, while the animal began to run to and fro, seeking some avenue of escape. Modo would have fired, but dared not do it while the lad remained upon the hog's back. The Cingalese gave way with startling unanimity whenever the bear came near them.

This free ride was hardly pleasant to Ned Wade, but he did not dare to leap off, knowing that the bear would turn upon him the instant he did so. The spear, ranking in his flesh, galled the hog terribly; hence he strove in every possible way to rid himself of his rider. Ned shouted for the dogs, but they were off after the pig which Sawyer had chased, and did not respond.

Modo, with a spear in his hand, was rushing to the boy's aid. Richard, still further away, was straining every nerve to reach him, but Ned felt that he could not hold on much longer. He would have used his knife, but that had been jolted from his sheath at the start; he really was weaponless. Despairing, he was about to leap off and take his chance, when a fierce howl was heard; a dark body was launched at the furious bear.

It was one of the dogs, returned in time to save him. Ned at once left his unready steed, perfectly willing to resign him, and beckoned one of the bearers to advance with a gun. But "Pete," fearing for the dogs if a shot should be fired, dashed in with his spear. The bear, encumbered by the dogs, met him gallantly. But Modo easily eluded his headlong charge, and darting to one side, planted the spear behind the shoulder, the sharp point passing completely through the heart. The work was done, and with a squeal of pain, the brave brute staggered and fell, bleeding his life away.

"I've had a free ride," remarked Ned, "and I don't want another. Hullo, Dick; how do you like it yourself?"

"I will say this much," replied Richard. "I have done some hunting in my time, and have been in danger, but I never was so near death as I have been in the last half hour."

"That is because you have not yet reduced it to a science," shouted Will, from his throne on the rock. "Just look at me."

"Oh, yes!" retorted Ned. "You might know that Will would be in a safe place."

"Science, I tell you, science! I've seated myself here and have killed four pigs, while you have worked your life out to kill two, and have lost a good horse into the bargain. Three cheers for the old Winchester!"

Will had staid upon the rock, and every time a pig was driven near him, he had taken a cool shot at it, and had actually killed four. The natives looked at him in wonder, for they had not seen him load his weapon, and therefore regarded him as a being of miraculous power.

## Death's Victory.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

ADRIAN.—McCLANCY.—On Thursday, Feb. 18, at the St. Cloud Hotel, by the Rev. Edward Dagan, Fisk Adrian to Emelie McClancy, both of this city.

ROSE VASSAR reads those lines once through, swiftly and breathlessly. She reads them a second time, leisurely, making careful note of every item of the announcement. She reads them a third time, slowly, with those pleading, passionate gray eyes of hers grown very absent and dreamy. Surely, by this time, Miss Vassar must be satisfied of the meaning the notice is intended to convey. She opens a dainty trifling of a penknife and draws its keen blade out of the daily paper she has been turning carelessly.

"So they are really married—Fisk Adrian and Emelie McClancy! Well, well, this is a very uncertain world, my dear friends; and there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." For instance, you little dream that Rose Vassar knows your secret and holds it with your weak and feeble, indeed! What a consummate fool she is! Rose Vassar is, that she lets you have one moment of joy that she can take from your false lips. What have you left her that she should consider your welfare? Youth and beauty—to feed upon the ashes of dead hopes, and the bitterness of a love won simply by intrigue, to be mockingly thrown back to its giver! Oh, how I hate you—hate you—hate you both!"

These last words Miss Vassar fairly hisses out, between the even pearls of her little teeth. Then she pushes back her chair, throws a bill upon the silver salver of the waiter, and floats gracefully, slowly, out of the glittering salon.

Just at the broad entrance a gentleman meets her, and his cold, handsome eyes warm into sudden passionateness, and he flings aside his newly-lighted cigar, to greet her, and a current of impetuosity quivers through his languidly conventional tones.

"Rose, what blessed fortune is this that the first familiar face I meet upon my return is yours! How are you? How are they all? What has been doing since I have been away?"

There is an almost feverish eagerness in the stranger's manner, in his flame-red cheeks, in the appealing glow of his usually listless eyes, as he asks these last questions, standing just a hand's breadth from Miss Vassar and studying her vivid, perfect face.

"You have nearly surprised me out of all power to answer your many questions, Algernon," Miss Vassar says, with a smile as chill as moonlight playing about the carved lips of some wrought Carrara marble, and a perfect calmness of voice and manner that quite belies her words. "But if I am to give you all the information for which you have asked, pray let it be in some less public position."

"A thousand pardons, Rose, for detaining you here; but my astonishment and pleasure at meeting you must be my excuse. Do you mind my ordering some luncheon in a private parlor, and our having a little *te-te-a-te*, or shall I be presuming too much upon your time and kindness?"

"My time is quite valueless, I assure you, and you may presume to dispose of it, for a while, as you choose," assented the lady, gracefully laying her hand upon her companion's arm, and allowing him to escort her to a tiny salon, covered with rose velvet and glittering even through its warm flushed gloom with panelings of mirror that reflect and multiply the porcelain standards of ferns that grow green and dainty before the windows that are half veiled in silk and lace.

While the gentleman writes his orders, Miss Vassar puts back some of the silken draperies, letting a flood of blushing light into the pretty parlor, and stands idly toying with the long, tender fronds of the ferns and staring wearily, hopelessly, into the street. Presently her companion comes toward her and stands silently, a moment, regarding her, with a sullen, almost furious gleam in his eyes, and a convulsive movement of his white, fair hands.

"Rose," she turns about listlessly, discerns just a trace of the soul-storm that has passed over him, and gives him a long, half-pitying, half-sardonic glance; then she motions him to share the velvet sofa with her, and says:

"Now do tell me, please, what brought you home, how long you have been in town, and all about yourself generally. Then I'll submit to any amount of cross-questioning in return."

"I was just about to remark that the tables were turned," the gentleman says, with a smile as weary and cold as Miss Vassar's own. "All about myself is soon told. I have been recalled. I arrived in town about an hour ago, took a room at the Hoffman, came over here for some lunch, and go on to Washington to-morrow night. I have been successful, and well—and am the same Algernon Adrian, in every particular, that I was two years ago. That is all. Now it is my turn. You have been well? You—Rose, tell me, for God's sake, and have it over with!"

"I have been well, yes, physically—mentally, morally, I am sick unto death!" With a sudden, swift, passionate movement, she puts out her hands to this man who loves her so madly, and cries, "Algernon, your brother and Emelie McClancy are married!"

A sudden hope fills Algernon Adrian's soul. His blood surges in almost stifling billows through his blue channels. The woman beside him, in her exquisite grace of form and seductive beauty of face, is like some intoxicating, gorgeous tropic bloom, always. Now, with the warm flush of the sunshine-lighted draperies shimmering over her rich olive skin and purple-black, lustrous waves of hair, with a revelation of her Southern nature in that passionate, with her hands extended to him in plea for sympathy, she is wholly maddening to this man whose entire life is being consumed by idolatrous love for her. With one fierce compelling gesture he prisons her hands and forces her attention.

"Then you shall listen to me once more, Rose! As there is a God above us, I would have died before I would have insulted you with a second avowal of my love, if Fisk were anything to you. But if you and he are nothing to each other, you shall know that I am still your worshipper—what ever you will let me be!"

"What folly, Algernon! I thought all this ended when you accepted your appointment and left us so suddenly."

"Indeed! Heavens! Rose, do you suppose my love for you can ever end? I thought you were his. You loved him. I was hopeless. Now, if you do not even love me, you can marry me and let me waste my life in devotion to you—let me be your slave!"

"Never! I could not accept such a sacrifice," Miss Vassar arises and walks toward the window; but her lover follows her and confronts her once more.

"Rose," he says, speaking in that even, suppressed tone that expresses more intense excitement than any violence of voice or manner, his flushed face and lurid eyes fairly startling this woman whose looks and manners seem to indicate alike indifference to events of time and eternity, "love for you means either hell or heaven to me! I have suffered the tortures of the one in my endeavors to forget you, in my efforts to live away from the sight of you. And will you refuse me a reprieve, when there can be no higher heaven for me in this life, or the beyond, than the joy of knowing you my wife—and mine the right to make the fulfillment of your wishes the one object of my existence until death do us part? Why, Rose, if there is a hell beyond this life I would merit it ten thousand times over for one sweet word of yours, or once feel remorse! Will you again refuse such devotion as mine?"

The blood comes and goes in his cheeks in flaming streaks; his eyes hold in their glowing depths foreshadowings of a tragedy; his quick, uneven breaths sweep her cheeks, and Rose Vassar hardly feels the fierce, painful grasp of his hand upon hers, but looks at him as if under the spell of some fascination. With his words a dark thought has knocked at the door of her soul and is gaining admission there.

"Algernon, I will be your wife—I swear it, if you will accept one condition."

"Anything?"

"That you will help me separate Fisk and his wife."

A white storm of soul-sickness flits across Algernon's face. Is it love or hatred of his brother that is winning him a bride? But he answers, solemnly:

"I accept."

Rose tears away her hands, and paces up and down the salon a few minutes with such a desperate, stony anguish on her face that Algernon does not even offer her comfort. She comes back to him, motions him to a seat, and stands before him with lips and cheeks that have grown ashy hued, her jeweled, shapely hands intertwined cruelly.

"Algernon, if I were to put a knife into your heart, or a bullet through your brain, at this moment, I should do the kindest deed possible to a man of your nature. Instead, I have promised you the cruellest of fates; but at least we will have honesty between us. I shall marry you because my existence is worthless and devoid of all possibilities, and because you will work out my revenge on the man and woman who have ruined my life! When my father died and committed me to the care of your brother, I vowed that I would redeem the Vassar name. I put aside all my dark remembrances of my girlhood; our vagrant wanderings from city to city; our doubtful life. I knew that from my mother aristocratic Italian blood was beating in my veins. That my father was a born and bred and instinctive gentleman, even if he had made our life one exciting, dangerous game of chance. That I had fortune enough to be independent. And Fisk's tender care and sympathy, his delicate indifference to all that he knew of our past life, his appreciation of my ambitions, his kindness in taking me to the shelter of his home, made him a veritable angel to me.

"I was happy, I loved you all. I began to think I knew how gentle, home-reared girls felt. I was wrapped up in my studies and aspirations. And then she came to stay near us. Your mother with pure, true, womanly instincts detected her influence and refused her entrance to our home; and so Emelie won my friendship, while he won my love, and I was the medium used for concealment of their infatuation for each other. While I worshipped your brother, you too learned the curse of love. Between the time of your leaving us and your mother's death, I was more happy than I think mortals often are. Then the blow fell. I discovered that Emelie McClancy was Fisk's idol—not I! As my love had superseded all other thoughts and emotions, and become the ruling passion of my life, so did my hate! I demanded my fortune and left the home where I had foolishly dreamed I should be mistress, and came to town. But I have been unable to settle to anything. What did life hold for a young, handsome, friendless woman? I only cared to find some way to make him suffer; I never dreamed that they would dare marry. To-day, when I read the notice of their wedding, I knew that I held the destiny of both in my hands. I hate them! I only live to see them disgraced! Nor do I love you!"

A long pause after this brief, vivid revelation of a blighted life and soul, then Rose breathes, as if awaiting some doom.

"Well—"

"You are mine unto death."

A stretch of boundless waters, black and turbulent under the April moonlight. Plunging, plying, steadily through the silent ocean plain, leaving a trail of foam in its wake, is a steamer bound for Liverpool. Upon the deck, heavily wrapped, a man and woman are conversing in a sheltered nook. She is fair and slight, with an ivory-pale face, dangerous deep blue eyes, and a mouth that is expressive of intense will-power, despite its enticing loveliness. The moonlight reveals this portrait, and shows the contrast between it and that of the man into whose hand one of hers is tenderly nestling. He is small and slightly deformed in stature, swarthy-faced, with almost ugly features, despite their purity of profile. Yet, unlike as these two, they are evidently lovers—lovers, though they may have been married years. If there are lurking shadows of guilt or misery in woman's fatally bewildering blue eyes, there is upon her pallid face an expression of ineffable present content. And whatever signs of weakness mar the man's mobile mouth, and indications of latent cruelty hover in his steel-light vision for the companion at his side, who speaks to him thrillingly.

"Fisk, it seems to me we are too happy! Think, only you and I in the whole world—that is our position. Nothing in the land we have left to call us back; only pleasures to be shared together in the lands we shall visit. Oh! if anything could part us!"

"Nothing can, Emelie. When the wretch to whom you were bound, died, the only link that could keep us apart was broken. You are mine now in life and death."

A flitting shadow has passed over the woman's face, gone almost before it was discernible. The two rise and walk silently along the deck, and a dark figure follows them, and leans against the railing opposite the stairway to the salon.

As the husband and wife walk past a few steps, and then turn again, slowly, Emelie's eyes rest momentarily on the figure, and catch a glimpse of the face that is below the slouching hat. It is not possible for the woman's marble face to grow more white than is its usual ivory pallor.

And Emelie McClancy had lived through too much that had tested her will and daring to faint, or scream, or even moan, now that she confronts the victim of her years of guilt, and knows that failure is stamped upon the fair hopes she has cherished, and a blight upon the happiness she

has at last won. She gives not one sign of the sickening horror that has taken possession of her soul, as she enters the salon upon her husband's arm, and joins the merry company gathered there. But a lady comes toward her, who detects the despairing gleam in her eye.

"Good evening, Mrs. Adrian. Good evening, Fisk. Of course you know that we were on board! I have been quite ill, until toward night, and Algernon has dutifully been staying with me. He has just gone to the smoking room, and as we were told that you had gone on deck for a time, he desired me to ask Fisk to stop there, when he returned."

"Certainly, Emelie, love, I will be back presently," and so the two women are left comparatively alone. Rose turns to her sister-in-law and dropping her voice to a low monotone, says, sardonically:

"I hope you have been happy enough since the eighteenth of February, to compensate you for the risky game you've played so long. Is it not rather a cruel fate that the man whose only fault has been that his wealth gained your hand but never your heart, should be the witness to the bliss of these new relations of yours?"

"You are talking nonsense! You know nothing of my life! Emelie flashes back, with the defiance of despair.

"No! Perhaps you have not forgotten when one of the tricks of your game was to win, for a purpose of your own, my passionate friendship? Well, my subtle lady, I came into your room one day and found you sleeping, and so sat by your sofa and softly fanned you. As you slept you moaned, and then you cried out: 'Will my husband never die, and free me! Oh! I shall kill him some day!'"

"And I pitied you, and keeping the words to myself, I wove a sad romance that explained your sorrows, and your lonely position—fool that I was! But when I learned your falseness I learned, also, more; and when I saw that you had married Fisk, I believed you had murdered the man who stood between you two. But, skillful detectives traced his whereabouts, and then the only persons in the world interested in his fate, my husband and myself, gained admission to the retreat where you had so securely placed him, and helped him to freedom. Though subject to fits of melancholy, arising from the wretched life you and he had led, he had never been really insane, as you well know! I only wonder that you did not carry your guilt to the extent of making true the lie you told Fisk Adrian when you assured him of your husband's death."

"To-night you have seen Wylie McClancy. Allow me to assure you that he is prepared to make good all his claims on you; and even as you once came between me and joy—so he will come between you and the man you love. I am revenged for the wrong you did me, and your game is played out!"

There are merriment and laughter all about them. No one, save those two handsome, desperate women, standing gracefully by the salon door, in low-toned conversation, dreams of the tragedy ripening in their midst with fatal surety. Emelie is calm, even under her antagonist's crushing denunciation.

"You shall see!" she says, and turns toward her state-room, as she sees Fisk advancing. She knows by his eyes that he has not yet learned the destiny of shame her passion for him has wrought them both. Alone, together, she wins from him the tenderest caresses, the fondest words. She hangs about his neck, and drinks her fill of love's sweetest draughts, and is still awake after she has kissed shut her husband's languid eyes. And then she murmurs, softly:

"You said I was yours in life and death, Fisk. Oh! may it be so—for only death remains to us!"

The sun rises a great disk of gold; and the day is so clear and spring-like, even out on this restless world of water, that nearly all the passengers are gathered upon deck. Again and again the remark goes round:

"What a magnificent couple they are!" as Algernon and his bride walk lightly to and fro. And one lady says, at last:

"How much better matched they are than that other Mr. and Mrs. Adrian—such an odd, homely man he is! One would never suppose any woman could love him; while it is easy to see that this Mrs. Adrian must adore her husband!"

And her neighbor quite agrees with her, until their chat is interrupted by a rumor that is flying about the ship. The people flock below, and the truth is soon known.

In the silent state-room, sickening with the odor of chloroform, Fisk Adrian and Emelie McClancy lie dead. His head and misshapen shoulders are supported against Emelie's breast, while one of her slender hands holds her lace handkerchief, damp even yet, over his face, and the other clasps the flask from which she has stolen death for them both. Algernon and Rose look at them quietly. A stranger glances in the door mournfully, a moment, then turns away. In her death, Wylie McClancy forgives his wife, and leaves her to the man for whose love she has done and dared so much.

Mr. Adrian orders that his brother and sister-in-law, in their burial, shall not be divided; and all arrangements are made for the sad ocean funeral; but he takes not one step to check the speculations concerning the mysterious tragedy that are rife among the passengers. He only watches Rose, furtively, and cannot bear her out of his sight. Is he conscious of the mental tortures she is undergoing?

The strange funeral is over. The moon is gleaming down, palely, upon the already distant burial place. Rose Adrian steals swiftly upon deck among the shadows, to a secluded place. Her hands grasp the railing, her face is set and white, she is fully prepared to execute her purpose—but—

"Rose, my wife, if you do it shall only be—as she did—in your husband's arms. I have grown to know that you can never love me. That Fisk was your idol as he was Emelie's. But for all that I cannot, will not, lose you!"

"No! no! After all the savage hate I have shown, the demonic revenge I have made you share, the murder I have done, the wrong I have wrought you—you cannot love me! I have seen the change coming—I feel that you must shrink from me in horror—I cannot live to hear your reproaches—for—"

"Rose, I love you just as I ever have done! There is no wrong you have committed that I will not willingly bear the stains of upon my own soul! I shall never reproach you for anything! If you will only try to forget the past, there is nothing more that I can ask of you that you can give."

"And you can forget and forgive this black spot in my life?"

"Anything, Rose, wife, if you will only save me from this horror you have contemplated."

With a storm of womanly tears she flings herself upon her knees, and says:

"I deserve nothing—I have everything! Algernon, can you believe me when I tell you that I was about to end my worthless life because when I thought you were hating me, I learned that I loved you!"

He snatches her to his arms and seals the Book of the Past with kisses.